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YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.
MUCEDORUS.
VENUS & ADONIS.
LUCRECE. SONNETS.
LOVER'S COMPLAINT.
PASSIONATE PILGRIM.



L O N D O N
1878

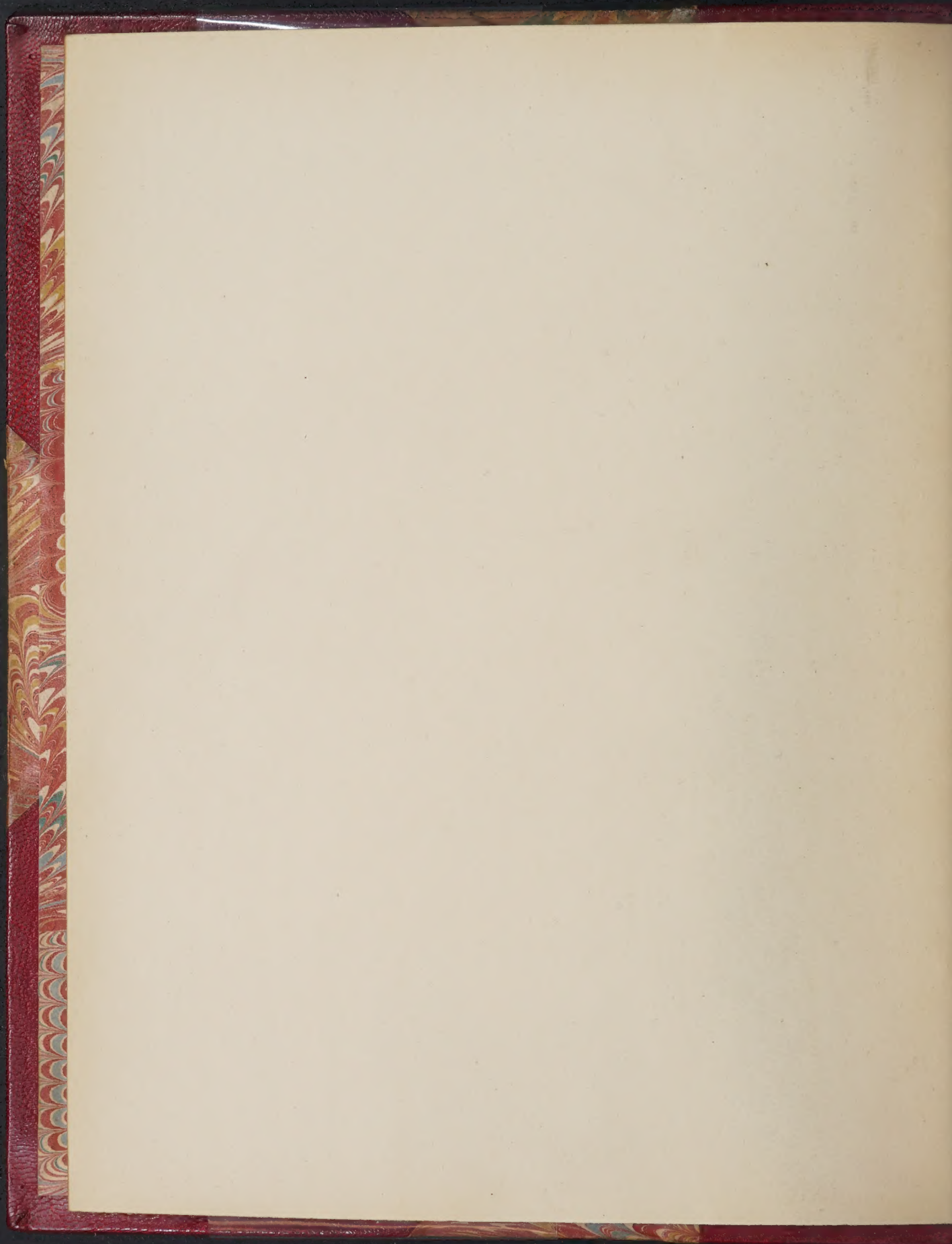




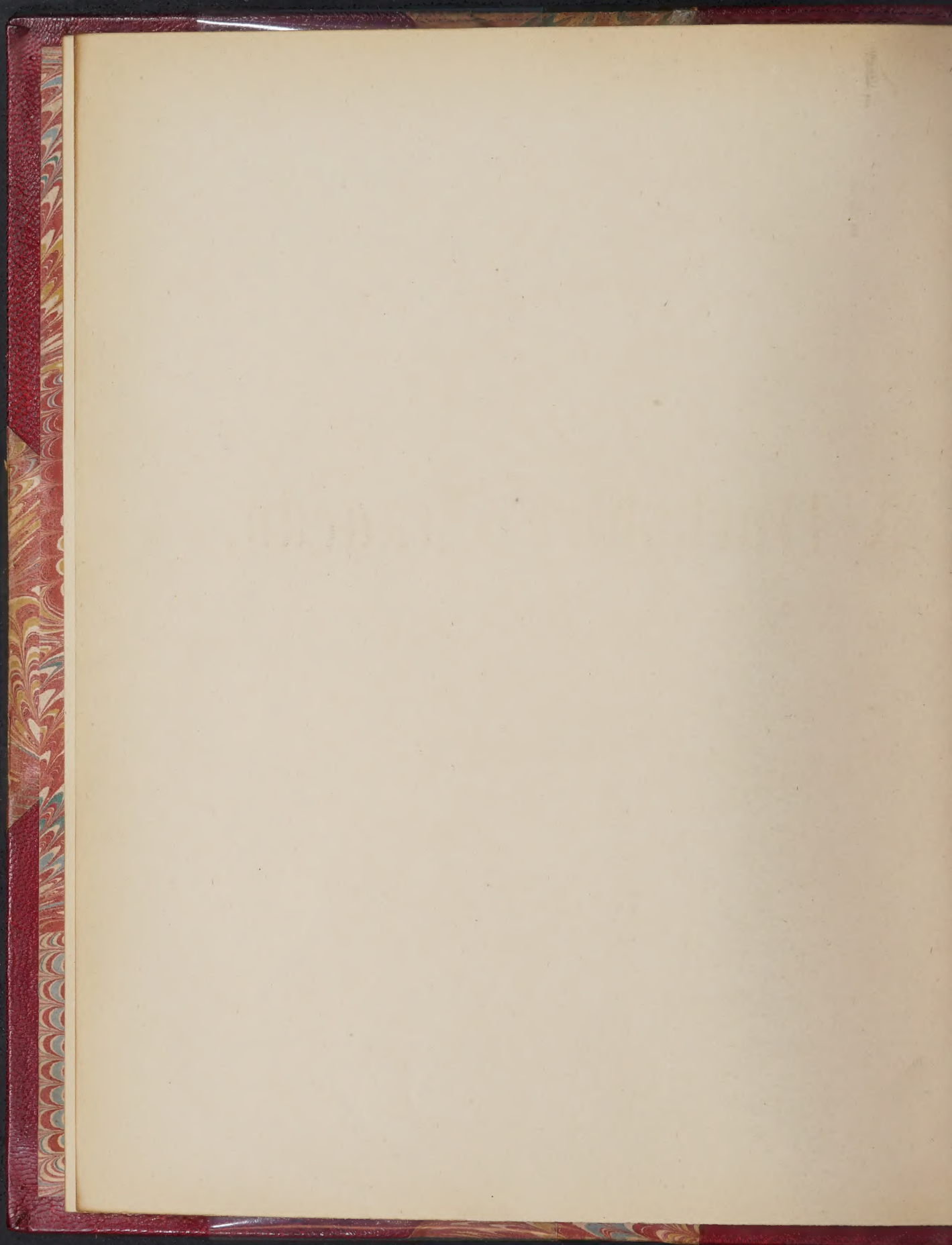








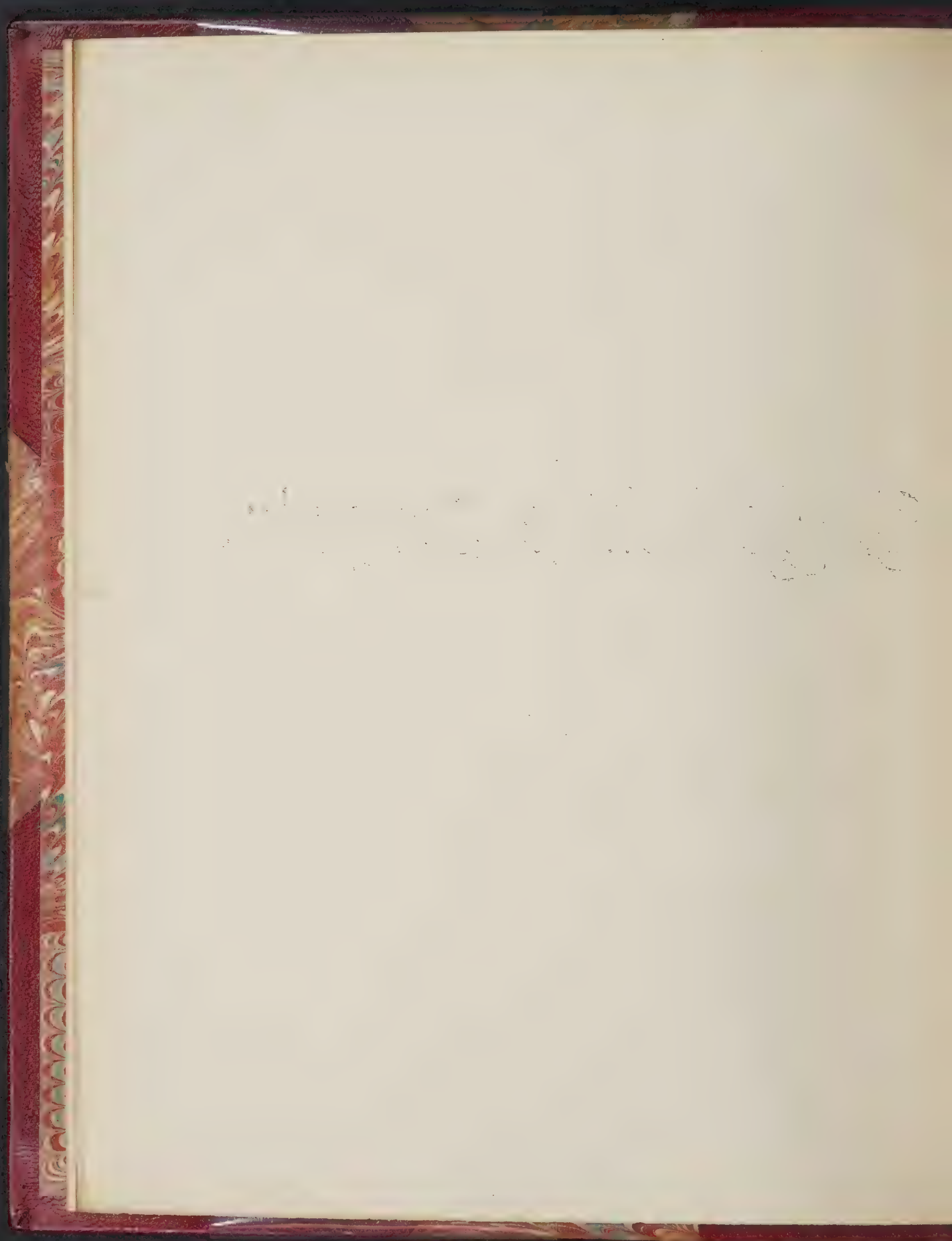
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A Yorkshire Tragedy.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.



THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

WITH THE PUREST TEXT, AND THE
BRIEFEST NOTES.

EDITED BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

VOL. VIII.

LONDON:
PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE SUBSCRIBERS.

1878.

THOMAS RICHARDS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.

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A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

MUCEDORUS.

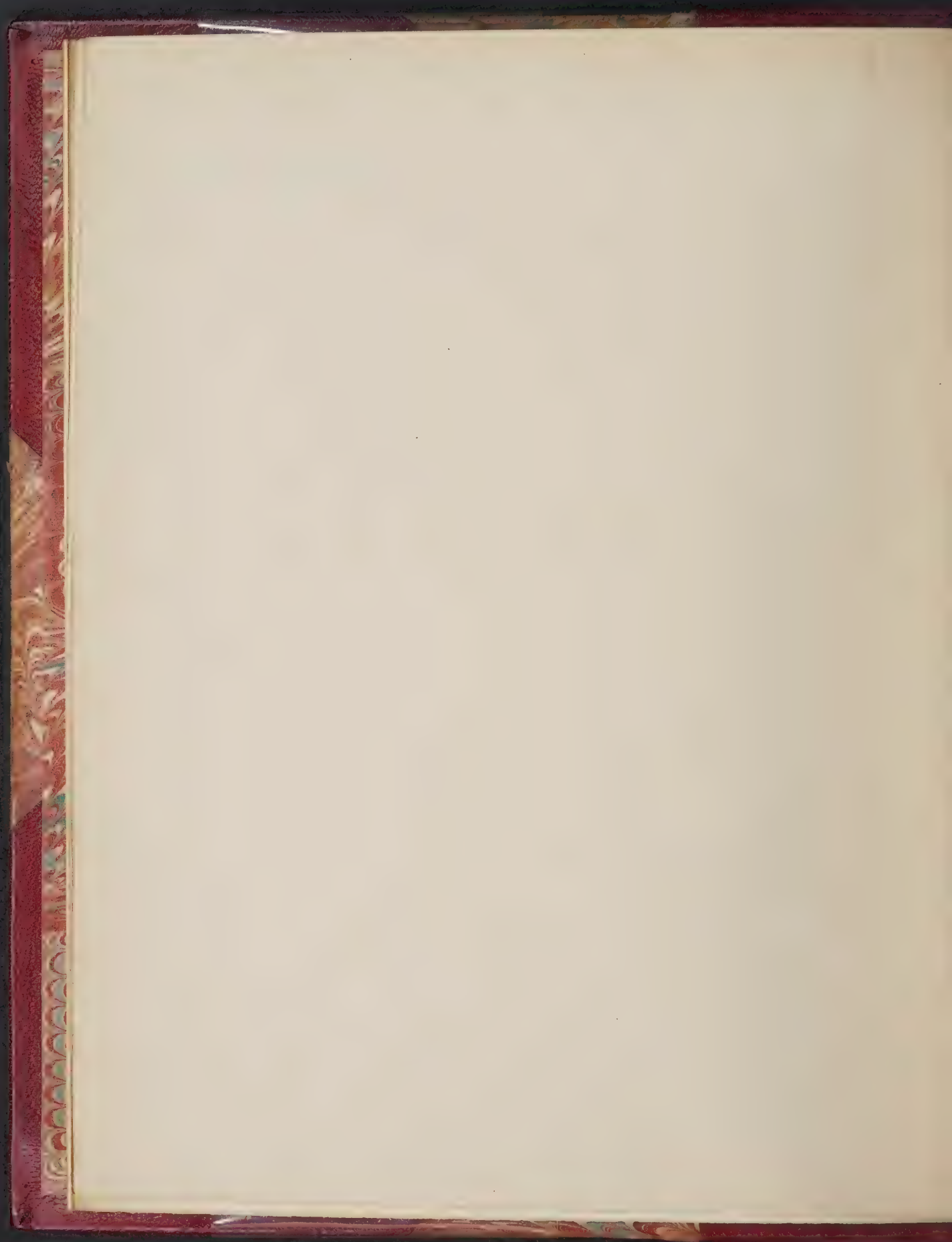
VENUS AND ADONIS.

LUCRECE.

SONNETS.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.



A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

WALTER CALVERLEY, *called* Husband.

MASTER OF A COLLEGE *at* Oxford.

MAGISTRATE, *a Knight*.

GENTLEMEN.

OLIVER,

RALPH,

SAMUEL,

} *Three Servants.*

Officers, etc., of Justice.

A BOY, *Son to* Calverley.

Mrs. CALVERLEY, *called* Wife.

A Female Servant.

SCENE : Calverley Hall, Yorkshire.

¹ On this drama, and on the share Shakespeare had in the authorship of it, opinions have varied; and some years ago we were disposed to believe that his contribution was greater than, perhaps, we now think it; but that he materially aided in its composition and production we are quite clear: therefore, as in the case of *Pericles* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, we add it confidently to his other works. It was got up in the utmost haste by several dramatists; and with three other short pieces was acted in 1604, when the sad event on which it is founded was recent. So far as we now know, it was not printed until 1608, when it bore Shakespeare's name on the following title-page, "*A Yorkshire Tragedy, not so new as lamentable and true: acted by his Majesties Players at the Globe. Written by W. Shakespeare.*" 1608, 4to. Malone tells us that in 1608 it was entitled *All's One*; but this seems to be a mistake, as is shown by the copy in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, which we have employed. It was printed again in 4to. in 1619, but it was not included in the folios of 1623 or of 1632, while it made its appearance, with six other doubtful plays including *Pericles*, in the folios of 1664 and 1685. It is only in one Act, and has, in modern times, been divided into ten scenes.

A
YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

SCENE I.

A Room in Calverley Hall.

Enter OLIVER and RALPH, two serving-men.

Oliv. SIRRAH RALPH, my young mistress is in such a pitiful passionate humour for the long absence of her love.

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? Why, apples hanging longer on a tree than when they are ripe make many fallings; viz., mad wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common, you know, for every man to take them up.

Oliv. Mass, thou say'st true, 'tis common indeed. But, sirrah, is neither our young master returned, nor our fellow, Sam, come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the Puritan bawd says. 'Slid, I hear Sam. Sam's come! here he is; tarry—come i' faith: now my nose itches for news.

Oliv. And so does mine elbow.

Sam. [*Calls within.*] Where are you, there? Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion. I have rid him simply; I warrant his skin sticks to his back with very heat: if he should catch cold, and get a cough of the lungs, I were well served, were I not?

Enter SAM, furnished with things from London.

What! Ralph and Oliver?

Both. Honest fellow Sam, welcome i' faith. What tricks hast thou brought from London?

Sam. You see I am hanged after the newest fashion; three hats and two glasses bobbing upon them; two rebato wires¹ upon my breast, a cap-case by my side, a brush at my back, an almanac in my pocket, and three ballads in my codpiece. Nay, I am the true picture of a common serving-man.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art: thou mayst set up when thou wilt: there's many a one begins with less, I can tell thee, that proves a rich man ere he dies.—But what's the news from London, Sam?

Ralph. Ay, that is well said: what is the news from London, sirrah? My young mistress keeps such a puling for her love.

Sam. Why, the more fool she: aye, the more ninny-hammer she.

Oliv. Why, Sam, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Both. Faith, ye jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? Why, he's married, beats his wife, and has two or three children by her: for you must note that any woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Ralph. Aye, that's true; for she bears the blows.

Oliv. Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years' wages my

² —two REBATO WIRES] A *rebato* was a ruff for the neck, and the *wires* were the supports of it.

young mistress knew so much : she'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her cradle that he never came in her bed. Why, he has consumed all, pawn'd his lands, and made his University brother stand in wax for him : there's a fine phrase for a scrivener ! Puh ! he owes more than his skin is worth.

Oliv. Is 't possible ?

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you, moreover, he calls his wife whore, as familiarly as one would call Moll and Doll ; and his children bastards, as naturally as can be. But what have we here ? [*Feeling behind.*] I thought 'twas something pulled down my breeches : I quite forgot my two poking-sticks. These came from London : now, anything is good here that comes from London.

Oliv. Aye, far fetch'd you know, Sam. But speak in your conscience i' faith : have we not as good poking-sticks i' the country as need to be put in the fire ?

Sam. The mind of a thing is all : the mind of a thing is all ; and as thou said'st even now, far fetch'd are best things for ladies.

Oliv. Aye, and for waiting-gentlewomen too.

Sam. But Ralph, what is our beer sour thro' this thunder ?

Ralph. No, no ; it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then, follow me. I'll teach you the finest humour to be drunk in : I learn'd it at London last week.

Both. 'Faith, let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest humour ! 'twould do a man good to be drunk in it : they call it knighting in London, when they drink upon their knees.

Both. 'Faith, that's excellent.

Sam. Come, follow me : I'll give you all the degrees of it in order. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the same.

*Enter WIFE.*²

Wife. What will become of us ? All will away :
 My husband never ceases in expense,
 Both to consume his credit and his house ;
 And 'tis set down by heaven's just decree
 That riot's child must needs be beggary.
 Are these the virtues that his youth did promise ?
 Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
 Taking his bed with surfeits, ill-beseeming
 The ancient honours of his house and name ?
 And this not all ; but that which kills me most,
 When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
 The weakness of his state, so much dejected,
 Not as a man repentant, but half mad.
 His fortunes cannot answer his expense ;
 He sits, and sullenly locks up his arms ;
 Forgetting heaven ; looks downward, which makes him
 Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart ;
 Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth ;
 Not penitent for those his sins are past,
 But vex'd his money cannot make them last ;

² *Enter WIFE.*] The author seems purposely to have omitted all names ; but they were perhaps well known from a prose tract and a ballad on the event, both of which had been published before this drama was acted.

A fearful, melancholy, ungodly sorrow.—
O! yonder he comes : now, in despite of ills,
I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his heart.

Enter HUSBAND.

Hus. Pox o' the last throw ! It made five hundred
angels *[Not seeing his WIFE.]*
Vanish from my sight. I'm damn'd ! I'm damn'd !
The angels have forsook me. Nay, it is
Certainly true ; for he that has no coin
Is damned in this world : he is gone, he is gone.

Wife. Dear husband !

Hus. O ! most punishment of all ; I have a wife.

Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your soul,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

Hus. A vengeance strip thee naked ! thou art the cause,
Effect, quality, property : thou, thou, thou ! *[Exit.]*

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse : both beggary of the soul,
And of the body ; and, so much unlike
Himself at first ; as if some vexed spirit
Had got his form upon him.—He comes again.

Re-enter HUSBAND.

He says I am the cause : I never yet
Spoke less than words of duty and of love.

Hus. If marriage be honourable, then cuckolds are
honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage.
Fool ! what meant I to marry to get beggars ? Now, must
my eldest son be a knave or nothing : he cannot live but
upon the fool, for he will have no land to maintain him.
That mortgage sits like a snaffle upon my inheritance, and

makes me chew upon iron. My second son must be a promoter, and my third a thief, or an under-putter, a slave pandar. O! beggary, beggary! to what base uses dost thou put a man! I think the devil scorns to be a bawd; he bears himself more proudly, has more care of his credit. Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty!

Wife. Good sir, by all our vows, I do beseech you Show me the true cause of your discontent.

Hus. Money, money, money; and thou must supply me.

Wife. Alas, I am the least cause of your discontent; Yet what is mine, either in rings or jewels, Use to your own desire; but I beseech you, As you are a gentleman by many bloods, Though I myself be out of your respect, Think on the state of the three lovely boys You have been father to.

Hus. Puh! bastards, bastards, bastards; begot in tricks, begot in tricks.

Wife. Heaven knows how those words wrong me, But I may endure these griefs among a thousand more. O! call to mind your lands already mortgaged, Yourself wound into debts; your hopeful brother At the University in bonds for you, Like to be seiz'd upon, and——

Hus. Have done, thou harlot, [Throwing her off.
Whom though for fashion-sake I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou thy words
Shall kill my pleasures? Fall off to thy friends:
Thou and thy bastards beg; I will not bate
A whit in humour. Midnight! still I love you,
And revel in your company. Curb'd in?

Shall it be said in all societies
That I broke custom ? that I flagg'd in money ?—
No, those thy jewels I will play as freely
As when my state was fullest.

Wife. Be it so.

Hus. Nay, I protest (and take that for an earnest)
I will for ever hold thee in contempt, [Spurning her.
And never touch the sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in bed, till thou consent
Thy dowry shall be sold, to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do
You shall command.

Hus. Look it be done.—Shall I want dust,
And like a slave wear nothing in my pockets
[Putting his hands into them.
But my bare hands, to fill them up with nails ?
O, much against my blood !—Let it be done :
I was never made to be a looker on,
A bawd to dice : I 'll shake the drabs myself,
And make them yield.—I say, let it be done.

Wife. I take my leave : it shall. [Exit.

Hus. Speedily, speedily.—
I hate the very hour I chose a wife,
A trouble, trouble. Three children, like three evils,
Hang on me.—Fie, fie, fie ! strumpet and bastards !

Enter three Gentlemen.

Strumpet and bastards !

First Gent. Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on your
tongue ?

Yourself to stain the honour of your wife,
Nobly descended? Those whom men call mad
Endanger others; but he's more than mad
That wounds himself; whose own words do proclaim
Scandals unjust to soil his better name.³
It is not fit; I pray forsake it, sir.

Second Gent. Good sir, let modesty reprove you.

Third Gent. Let honest kindness sway so much with
you.

Hus. Good den: I thank you, sir; how do you? Adieu.
I am glad to see you. — Farewell instructions, admoni-
tions! [Exeunt the three Gentlemen.]

Enter a Servant.

How now, sirrah! What would you?

Ser. Only to certify you, sir, that my mistress was met
by the way by them who sent for her up to London, by
her honourable uncle, your worship's late guardian.

Hus. So, sir; then she is gone, and so may you be:
But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant than her house
At home. [Exit Servant.]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Hus. No, nor I.

Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hus. Who? me?

Chide me? Do't finely then: let it not move me;
For if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.

³ Scandals unjust to soil his better name.] This line, found in the
4to. 1608, is omitted in the folio 1664.

Gent. Strike thine own follies, for 'tis they deserve
To be well beaten. We are now in private ;
There 's none but thou and I. Thou art fond and peevish,⁴
An unclean rioter : thy lands and credit
Lie now both sick of a consumption :
I am sorry for thee. That man spends with shame,
That with his riches doth consume his name ;
And such art thou.

Hus. Peace !

Gent. No ; thou shalt hear me farther :
Thy father's and forefathers' worthy honours,
Which were our country monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The spring-time of thy youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitful summer to thy friends,
It scarce can enter into men's belief,
Such dearth should hang upon thee : we that see 't
Are sorry to believe it. In thy change
This voice into all places will be hurl'd—
Thou and the devil have deceiv'd the world.

Hus. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst ;
Thy virtuous wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a strumpet.

Hus. Nay, then, I know thee :
Thou art her champion, thou her private friend,
The party you wot on.

Gent. O ignoble thought !
I am past my patient blood : shall I stand idle,

⁴ Thou art fond and PEEVISH.] "Peevish" generally means *foolish*,
weak, *silly* ; of frequent occurrence.

And see my reputation touch'd to death.

Hus. It has gall'd you, this, has it?

Gent. No, monster, I will prove
My thoughts did only tend to virtuous love.

Hus. Love of her virtues? there it goes.

Gent. Base spirit!
To lay thy hate upon the fruitful honour
Of thine own bed. [*They fight, and the HUSBAND is hurt.*]

Hus. O!

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet?

Hus. Sir, sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope, nor ne'er shall do. [*Fight again.*]

Hus. Have you got tricks? Are you in cunning with
me?

Gent. No; plain and right:
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.

[*HUSBAND falls.*]

Hus. Hard fortune! Am I leuell'd with the ground?

Gent. Now, sir, you lie at mercy.

Hus. I, you slave?

Gent. Alas, that hate should bring us to our grave,
You see, my sword's not thirsty for your life:
I am sorrier for your wound than you yourself.
You're of a virtuous house; show virtuous deeds;
'Tis not your honour, 'tis your folly bleeds.
Much good has been expected in your life:
Cancel not all men's hopes. You have a wife,
Kind and obedient: heap not wrongful shame
On her and your posterity; let only sin be sore,
And by this fall rise never to fall more.
And so I leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Hus. Has the dog left me, then,

After his tooth has cleft me?⁴ O! my heart
 Would fain leap after him. Revenge, I say!
 I'm mad to be reveng'd. My strumpet wife,
 It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
 And makes my breast spit blood: but thou shalt bleed.
 Vanquish'd? got down? unable even to speak?
 Surely, 'tis want of money makes men weak;
 Aye, 'twas that o'erthrew me: I'd ne'er been down else.
[Exit.

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter WIFE in a riding-suit, and a Serving-man.

Ser. 'Faith, mistress, (if it might not be presumption
 In me to tell you so) for his excuse
 You had small reason, knowing his abuse.

Wife. I grant I had, but alas!
 Why should our faults at home be spread abroad?
 'Tis grief enough within doors. At first sight
 Mine uncle could run o'er his prodigal life,
 As perfectly as if his serious eye
 Had number'd all his follies,
 Knew all his mortgag'd lands, his friends in bonds,
 Himself wither'd with debts; and in that minute
 Had I added his usage and unkindness,
 'Twould have confounded every thought of good;

⁴ After his tooth has CLEFT me?] The old text is "After his tooth hath *left* me"; but in all probability it is an error. Steevens would read "*gor'd* me", and Malone reprinted "*left* me"; but surely nothing can be clearer than that a letter had dropped out.

Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off,
Guessing his kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had, though his deserts
Are in form uglier than an unshap'd bear)
He's ready to prefer him to some office
And place at Court ; a good and sure relief
To all his stooping fortunes. 'Twill be a means, I hope,
To make new league between us, and redeem
His virtues with his lands.

Ser. I should think so, mistress. If he should not now
be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should
think the devil himself kept open house in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will. Now, prithee, leave me,
I think I hear him coming.

Ser. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my lands,
And free my husband out of usurer's hands.
Now, there's no need of sale : my uncle's kind ;
I hope, if aught, this will content his mind.
Here comes my husband.

Enter HUSBAND.

Hus. Now, are you come ? Where's the money ?
Let's see the money. Is the rubbish sold ?
Those wise-acres, your lands : why, then ? the money ?
Where is it ? pour it down : down with it.
Down with't, I say ; pour it on the ground :
Let's see it : let's see it.

Wife. Good sir, keep but in patience, and I hope
My words shall like you well.

I bring you better comfort than the sale
Of my dowry.

Hus. Ha ! what 's that ?

Wife. Pray, do not fright me, but vouchsafe me hearing.
My uncle, glad of your kindness to me, and mild usage,
(For so I made it to him), hath, in pity
Of your declining fortunes, provided
A place for you at Court of worth and credit,
Which so much overjoy'd me—

Hus. Out on thee, filth ! Over and overjoy'd, when I'm
in torment ? [*Spurning her.*] Thou politic whore, subtiler
than nine devils ! Was this thy journey to Nunck ? to set
down the history of me, of my state and fortunes ? Shall I,
that dedicated myself to pleasure, be now confined in
service ? to crouch and stand, like an old man, in the
hams, my hat off ? I that could never abide to uncover my
head in the church ? Base slut ! this fruit bear thy com-
plaints.

Wife. O ! heaven knows
That my complaints were praises and best words
Of you and your estate. Only, my friends
Knew of your mortgag'd lands, and were possess'd
Of every accident before I came.
If you suspect it but a plot in me
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor children's, though it fits a mother
To show a natural care in their reliefs,
Yet I'll forget myself to cool your blood :
Consume it as your pleasure counsels you ;
And all I wish even clemency affords ;
Give me but pleasant looks, and modest words.

Hus. Money, whore, money, or I'll——

[*Drawing a dagger.*]

Enter a Servant in haste.

What the devil!—How, now! thy hasty news?

Ser. May it please you, sir,——

Hus. What! may I not look upon my dagger?—
Speak, villain, or I will execute the point
On thee. Quick! short!

Ser. Why, sir, a gentleman from the University
Stays below to speak with you.

[*Exit.*]

Hus. From the University? so; University: that long
word runs through me.

[*Exit.*]

Wife. Was ever wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this news stepp'd in between, the point
Had offer'd violence unto my breast.
That which some women call great misery
Would show but little here, would scarce be seen
Among my miseries. I may compare
For wretched fortunes with all wives that are.
Nothing will please him until all be nothing.
He calls it slavery to be preferr'd,
A place of credit a great servitude.
What shall become of me and my poor children,
Two here, and one at nurse? my pretty beggars!
I see how ruin, with a palsied hand,
Begins to shake this ancient seat to dust.
The heavy weight of fortune draws my lids
Over my dankish eyes: I can scarce see.
Thus grief will last: it wakes and sleeps with me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

*Another Apartment in the Same.**Enter HUSBAND and the Master of a College.*

Hus. Please you draw near, sir : you're exceeding welcome.

Mast. That's my doubt : I fear I come not to be welcome.

Hus. Yes ; howsoever.

Mast. 'Tis not my fashion, sir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plain and effectual : therefore, to the purpose. The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable : that hopeful young gentleman, your brother, whose virtues we all love dearly, through your default and unnatural negligence, lies in bond, executed for your debt—a prisoner : all his studies amazed, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in these dark clouds of oppression.

Hus. Humph ! humph ! humph !

Mast. O ! you have killed the towardest hope of all our University : wherefore, without repentance and amends, expect ponderous and sudden judgments to fall grievously upon you. Your brother, a man who profited in his divine employments, and might have made ten thousand souls fit for heaven, is now by your careless courses cast in prison, which you must answer for ; and assure your spirit, it will come home at length.

Hus. O, God ! O !

Mast. Wise men think ill of you ; others speak ill of

you : no man loves you ; nay, even those whom honesty condemns condemn you. And take this from the virtuous affection I bear your brother : never look for prosperous hour, good thoughts, quiet sleep, contented walks, nor anything that makes man perfect, till you redeem him. What is your answer ? How will you bestow him ? Upon desperate misery or better hopes ?—I suffer till I hear your answer.

Hus. Sir, you have much wrought with me : I feel you in my soul : you are your art's master. I never had sense till now : your syllables have cleft me. Both for your pains and words, I thank you. I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my brother ; mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.—Within there ! [*Calling.*

Enter a Servant.

Hus. Fill me a bowl of wine.— [*Exit Servant.*
Alas, poor brother !
Bruis'd with an execution for my sake !

Mast. A bruise, indeed, makes many a mortal sore,
Till the grave cure them.

Re-enter the Servant with wine.

Hus. Sir, I begin to you : you 've chid your welcome. [*Drinking.*

Mast. I could have wished it better for your sake.
I pledge you, sir.—To the kind man in prison. [*Drinking.*

Hus. Let it be so.—Now, sir, if you please to spend but a few minutes in a walk about my grounds below, my man here shall attend you. I doubt not by that time to be furnished of a sufficient answer, and therein my brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good sir, in that the angels would be pleased,
And the world's murmurs calm'd ; and I should say
I set forth then upon a lucky day.

[*Exeunt Master of the College and Servant.*

Hus. O, thou confused man ! thy pleasant sins have
undone thee : thy damnation hath beggared thee ! That
heaven should say we must not sin, and yet made woman !
gives our senses away to find pleasure, which being found,
confounds us ! Why should we know those things so much
misuse us ? O, would virtue had been forbidden, we should
then have proved all virtuous ! for 'tis our blood to love
what we are forbidden. Had not drunkenness been for-
bidden, what man would have been fool to a beast, and
zany to a swine ?—to show tricks in the mire ? What is
there in three dice to make a man draw three thousand
acres into the compass of a little round table ; and, with the
gentleman's palsy in the hand, shake out his posterity
thieves and beggars ? 'Tis done : I have done 't i' faith :
terrible ! horrible misery ! How well was I left ! Very
well, very well. My lands showed like a full moon about
me ; but now the moon's in the last quarter—waning,
waning ; and I am mad to think that moon was mine,
mine and my father's, and my forefathers', generations,
generations ! Down goes the house of us : down, down it
sinks. Now is the name a beggar, begs in me : that
name, which hundreds of years has made this shire famous,
in me and my posterity runs out. In my seed five are
made miserable besides myself : my riot is now my
brother's gaoler, my wife's sighing, my three boys' penury,
and mine own confusion !

Why sit my hairs upon my cursed head ?

[*Tearing his hair.*

Will not this poison scatter them ?
O ! my brother's in execution among devils,
That stretch him, and make him give ;
And I in want :
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell :⁵
Slavery and misery ! Who in this case
Would not take up money on his soul,
Pawn his salvation, live at interest ?
I that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want exceeds the throes of hell.

Enter a little Boy with a top and scourge.

Son. What ail you, father ? Are you not well ? I cannot scourge my top as long as you stand so : you take up all the room with your wide legs. Puh ! you cannot make me afraid with this ; I fear no vizards, nor bugbears.

[The Father takes up the Boy by his long coat with one hand, and with the other draws his dagger.]

Hus. Up, sir ; for here thou hast no inheritance left.

Son. O ! what will you do, father, for I am your white boy ?⁶

Hus. Thou shalt be my red boy : take that.

[Wounding him.]

Son. O ! you hurt me, father.

Hus. My eldest beggar,

⁵ This couplet is from T. Nash's *Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, 4to. Gabriel Harvey mistakenly imputes it to Robert Greene.

⁶ A common term of endearment found in the old comedy of *Ralph Roister Doister*, in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, etc.

Thou shalt not live to ask a usurer bread,
To cry at a great man's gate, or follow
Good your honour by a coach ; no, nor your brother.
'Tis charity to brain you.

Son. How shall I learn, now my head is broke ?

Hus. Bleed, bleed ! [*Stabbing him.*]

Rather than beg : be not thy name's disgrace :
Spurn thou thy fortunes first ; if they be base.
Come, view thy second brother's. Fates, my children's
 blood
Shall spin into your faces : you shall see
How confidently we scorn beggary.
[*Exit, carrying away the Boy.*]

SCENE V.

*A Maid discovered with a Child in her arms : the Mother
on a couch by her, asleep.*

Maid. Sleep, sweet babe : sorrow makes thy mother
 sleep.

It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep.
Hush, pretty boy : thy hopes might have been better :
'Tis lost at dice what ancient honour won.
Hard, when the father plays away the son !
Nothing but misery serves in this house,
Ruin and desolation.—O !

Enter HUSBAND, bearing his bleeding Son.

Hus. Whore ! give me that boy.

[*Striving for the Child.*]

Maid. O, help! help! out, alas! murder! murder!

Hus. Are you gossiping, you prating sturdy quean?
I'll break your clamour with your neck down stairs:
Tumble, tumble headlong—so,—

*[Throwing her down stairs, and stabbing the Child
in her arms.]*

The surest way to charm a woman's tongue
Is break her neck: a politician did it.⁷

Son. Mother, mother! I am killed, mother!

[Waking the WIFE.]

Wife. Ha! who's that that cried? O me! my
children

Both, both bloody? bloody? *[Catching up the youngest.]*

Hus. Strumpet! let go the boy: let go the beggar.

Wife. O, my sweet husband!

Hus. Filth! harlot!

Wife. O! what will you do, dear husband?

Hus. Give me the bastard. *[They strive for the Child.]*

Wife. Your own sweet boy?

Hus. There are too many beggars.

Wife. Good my husband!

Hus. Dost thou prevent me still?

Wife. O, God!

Hus. Have at his heart.

[Stabbing the Child in her arms.]

Wife. O, my dear boy!

Hus. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy house,

Wife. O, heaven! *[Sinking down wounded.]*

Hus. And perish.—Now, begone:

⁷ —a politician did it.] Supposed to allude to the Earl of Leicester, and his concern in the death of Amy Robsart: "charm" is *silence*.

There's whores enough, and want would make thee one.

Enter a lusty Servant.

Ser. O, sir! what deeds are these?

Hus. Base slave! My vassal!

Com'st thou between my fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the devil, I would hold you, sir.

Hus. Hold me? presumption! I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sblood! you have undone us all, sir.

Hus. Tug at thy master?

Ser. Tug at a monster!

Hus. Have I no power? shall my slave fetter me?

Ser. Nay then, the devil wrestles: I am thrown.

[HUSBAND *overcomes him.*

Hus. O, villain! now I'll tug thee: now, I'll tear thee,
Set quick spurs to my vassal: bruise him, trample him.

[*Stamping on him.*

So, I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.

[*Servant limps away.*

My horse stands ready saddled. Away! away!

Now, to my brat at nurse, my sucking beggar.

Fates! I'll not leave you one to trample on. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

A Courtyard before the House.

Enter HUSBAND; the Master of the College meeting him.

Mast. How is it with you, sir?

Methinks you look of a distracted colour.

Hus. Who? I, sir? It is but your fancy.
Please you walk in, sir, and I'll soon resolve you :
I want one small part to make up the sum,
And then my brother shall rest satisfied.

Mast. I shall be glad to see it : I'll attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Room in the House.

WIFE and Children are discovered. Enter a lame Servant.

Ser. O ! I am scarce able to heave up myself,
He has so bruised me with his devilish weight,
And torn my flesh with his blood-hasty⁸ spurs :
A man before of easy constitution,
Till now hell-power supplied to his soul's wrong.
O, how damnation can make weak men strong !

Enter Master of the College, and two Servants.

O, the most piteous deed, sir, since you came !

Mast. A deadly greeting ! Hath he summ'd up these
To satisfy his brother? Here's another,
And by the bleeding infants the dead mother.

Wife. O ! O !

Mast. Surgeons, surgeons ! she recovers life.—
One of his men, all faint and bloodied.

First Ser. Follow ! our murderous master has took horse
To kill the child at nurse. O ! follow quickly.

Mast. I am the readiest : it shall be my charge

⁸ —blood-HASTY] Perhaps a misprint for blood-thirsty.

To raise the town upon him.

First Ser. Good sir, do follow him.

[*Exeunt Master and two Servants.*

Wife. O, my children !

First Serv. How is it with my most afflicted mistress ?

Wife. Why do I now recover ? Why half live
To see my children bleed before mine eyes ?
A sight able to kill a mother's breast, without
An executioner.—What ! art thou mangled too ?

First Ser. I, thinking to prevent what his quick mis-
chiefs

Had so soon acted, came and rush'd upon him :
We struggled ; but a fouler strength than his
O'erthrew me with his arms : then did he bruise me,
And rent my flesh, and robb'd me of my hair,
Like a man mad in execution,
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it has beguil'd him of all grace,
And stole away humanity from his breast ?
To slay his children, purpose to kill his wife,
And spoil his servants ?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Please you leave this most accursed place :
A surgeon waits within.

Wife. Willing to leave it :
'Tis guilty of sweet blood, innocent blood.
Murder has took this chamber with full hands,
And will not out as long as the house stands. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

A High Road.

Enter HUSBAND, staggering: he falls.

Hus. O, stumbling jade! the spavin overtake thee!
The fifty diseases stop thee!
O, I am sorely bruis'd! Plague founder thee!
Thou runn'st at ease and pleasure. Heart of chance!
To throw me now, within a flight o' the town,
In such plain even ground too! 'Sfoot! a man
May dice upon it, and throw away the meadows.
Filthy beast!

[*Voices within.*] Follow, follow, follow!

Hus. Ha! I hear sounds of men, like hue and cry.
Up, up, and struggle to thy horse; make on: [*Rising.*]
Dispatch that little beggar, and all's done.

[*Voices within.*] Here, here! this way, this way!

Hus. At my back? O,
What fate have I! my limbs deny to go:
My will is 'bated: beggary claims a part.
O, could I here reach to the infant's heart!

*Enter Master of the College, Gentlemen and Attendants
with halberds.*

All. Here, here! Yonder, yonder!

Mast. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous!
The Scythians, even the marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless deeds
In their relentless natures, than these of thine.
Was this the answer I long waited on,

The satisfaction for thy prison'd brother ?

Hus. Why, he can have no more of us than our skins ;
And some of them want but flaying.

First Gent. Great sins have made him impudent.

Mast. He has shed so much blood, that he cannot blush.

Second Gent. Away with him ! Bear him to the justice :
There shall his deeds be blaz'd.

Hus. Why, all the better.

My glory 'tis to have my actions known ;
I grieve for nothing but I miss'd of one.

Mast. There's little of a father in that grief.—
Bear him away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

A Room in Sir John Saville's house.

Knight. Endanger'd so his wife ? Murder'd his children ?

First Gent. So the cry goes.

Knight. I am sorry I e'er knew him ;
That ever he took life and natural being
From such an honour'd stock, and fair descent,
Till this black minute without stain or blemish.

First Gent. Here come the men.

Enter Master of the College and Officers with
HUSBAND, prisoner.

Knight. The serpent of his house.—I am sorry
For this time that I am in place of justice.

Mast. Please you, sir.—

Knight. Do not repeat it twice : I know too much.

Would it had ne'er been thought on! Sir, I bleed for you.

First Gent. Your father's sorrows are alive in me.
What made you show such monstrous cruelty?

Hus. In a word, sir, I have consumed all:
Played away long-acre; and I thought it
The charitablest deed that I could do
To cozen beggary, and knock my house
O' the head.

Knight. O! in a cooler blood you will repent it.

Hus. I repent now that one is left unkill'd,
My brat at nurse: I would full fain have wean'd him.⁹

Knight. Well, I do not think but in to-morrow's judgment
The terror will sit closer to your soul,
When the dread thought of death remembers you;
To further which take this sad voice from me:
Never was act play'd more unnaturally.

Hus. I thank you, sir.

Knight. Go, lead him to the jail:
Where justice claims all, there must pity fail.

Hus. Come, come: away with me!

[*Exeunt* HUSBAND, Officers, etc.]

Mast. Sir, you deserve the worship of your place:
Would all did so! In you the law is grace.

Knight. It is my wish it should be so. Ruinous man!
The desolation of his house, the blot
Upon his predecessors' honour'd name!
That man is nearest shame that is past shame. [*Exeunt.*]

⁹ I would full fain have wean'd him.] This and the preceding speech are only in the 4to. edition.

SCENE X.

Before Calverley Hall.

Enter HUSBAND, *guarded by* Officers, Master of the College, Gentlemen *and* Attendants, *as passing the house.*

Hus. I am right against my house—seat of my ancestors.
I hear my wife's alive, but much endanger'd :

Let me entreat to speak with her, before

The prison gripe me. [WIFE *is brought in, on a chair.*

Gent. See, here she comes herself.

Wife. O, my sweet husband ! my distressed husband,
Now in the hands of unrelenting laws,
My greatest sorrow, my extremest blessing !²
Now my soul bleeds.

Hus. How now ! kind to me ? Did I not wound thee ;
Left thee for dead ?

Wife. Tut ! far greater wounds did my breast feel :
Unkindness strikes a deeper wound than steel.
You have been still unkind to me.

Hus. 'Faith, so I think I have :
I did my murders roughly, out of hand,
Desperate and sudden ; but thou hast devised
A fine way now to kill me : thou hast given mine eyes
Seven wounds a-piece.—Now glides the devil from me ;
Departs at every joint : heaves up my nails.
O, catch him torments that were ne'er invented !

² —my extremest BLESSING !] "Blessing" is misprinted *bleeding* in all ancient and modern impressions : the error is sufficiently obvious, the compositor having been misled by the next line.

Bind him one thousand more, you blessed angels,
In that pit bottomless! Let him not rise
To make men act unnatural tragedies;
To spread into a father, and in fury
Make him his children's executioner,
Murder his wife, his servants, and who not;
For that man's dark where heaven is quite forgot.

Wife. O, my repentant husband!

Hus. O, my dear soul, whom I too much have wrong'd!
For death I die, and for this have I long'd.

Wife. Thou shouldst not, be assur'd, for these faults
die,

If the law could forgive as soon as I.

[*The dead Children are laid out.*]

Hus. What sight is yonder?

Wife. O! our two bleeding boys,
Laid forth upon the threshold.

Hus. Here's weight enough to make a heart-string
crack.

O, were it lawful that your pretty souls
Might look from heaven into your father's eyes,
Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,
And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks!
But you are playing in the angels' laps,
And will not look on me,
Who, void of grace, kill'd you in beggary.
O! that I might my wishes now attain,
I should then wish you living were again,
Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd.
O! 'twas the enemy my eyes so blear'd.
O! would you could pray heaven me to forgive,

That will unto my end repentant live.

Wife. It makes me even forget all other sorrows,
And live apart with this.³

Officer. Come, will you go?

Hus. I'll kiss the blood I spilt, and then I'll go:

[*Kissing the dead Children.*

My soul is bloodied, well may my lips be so.

Farewell, dear wife: now, thou and I must part;

I of thy wrongs repent me with my heart. [*Kissing her.*

Wife. O, stay! thou shalt not go.

Hus. That's but in vain: you see it must be so.

Farewell, ye bloody ashes of my boys!

My punishments are their eternal joys.

Let every father look well into my deeds,

And then their heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds.

[*Exeunt HUSBAND, Officers, etc.*

Wife. More wretched am I now in this distress,
Than former sorrows made me.

Mast. O, kind wife!

Be comforted: one joy is yet unmurder'd;

You have a boy at nurse: your joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer than all is my poor husband's life.

Heaven give my body strength, which yet is faint

With much expense of blood, and I will kneel,

Sue for his life, number up all my friends

To plead for pardon for my dear husband's life.

Mast. Was it in man to wound so kind a creature?

I'll ever praise a woman for thy sake.

³ And LIVE APART with this.] The old reading is "And *leave part* with this": we adopt the doubtful emendation of Steevens.

I must return with grief : my answer 's set :
I shall bring news weighs heavier than the debt.
Two brothers ! one in bond lies overthrown,
This on a deadlier execution.

MASTER CAVERLEY'S UNNATURAL AND
BLOODY MURDER PRACTISED UPON
HIS WIFE, AND COMMITTED
UPON HIS CHILDREN.¹

THERE hath happened of late within the county of York, not far from Wakefield, a murder so detestable, that were it not it deserves record for example sake, humanity could wish it rather utterly forgot, than any Christian heart should tremble with the remembrance of it.

Within this county was bred a gentleman, one Mr. Caverley of Caverley, a man whose parents were such as left him seven or eight hundred pounds a-year to enrich his hopes, cherish his content and make him fortunate. His father dying before he had reached the years of privilege, during his nonage he was ward to a most noble and worthy gentleman in this land ; in all which time his course of life did promise so much good, that there was a commendable gravity appeared even in his youth. He

¹ This hasty narrative of the events in the preceding Tragedy was published, in all probability, before the drama was acted : it bears the date of 1605, whereas the representation, as given on the stage, was not published until 1608, three or four years after the catastrophe. Only a single copy of the tract before us has been preserved, with a wood-cut on the title-page of the Father killing his children : it has never been republished, but it is here subjoined as a not unfitting supplement to the play.

being of this hope, virtuous in his life and worthy by his birth, was sought by many gallant gentlemen, and desired that he would unite his fortune into their families, by matching himself to one and the chief of their daughters.

Among which number it happened, being once invited for such a purpose (a welcome guest) to an ancient gentleman of chief note in his country, he came where in a short time was such an interchangeable affection shot in by two pair of eyes to one pair of hearts, that this gentleman's best-beloved daughter was by private assurance made Mr. Caverley's best-beloved wife ; nor could it be kept so close between the pair of lovers (for love will discover itself in loving looks), but it came to the father's knowledge, who with a natural joy was contented with the contract ; yet in regard Mr. Caverley's years could not discharge his honourable guardian had over him, the father thought it meet (though the lovers could have wished it otherwise) to lengthen their desired haste till time should finish a fit hour to solemnise the happy wedlock. Mr. Caverley having spent some time there in decent recreation, much abroad and more at home, with his new mistress, at last bethought himself that his long stay made him long-looked for at London. And having published his intended departure, the father thought it convenient, though the virtuous gentlewoman danced a "loth to depart" upon his contracted lips. Mr. Caverley came to London, and whether concealing his late contract from his honourable guardian, or forgetting his private and public vows, or both, I know not ; but time, mother of alterations, had not fanned over many days, but he had made a new bargain, knit a new marriage knot, and was husband by all matrimonial rites to a cour-

teous gentlewoman, and neere by marriage to that honourable personage to whom he was ward.

Rumour with his thousand tongues and ten thousand feete was not long in travels before he had delivered this distasted message to his first mistress' ears, who, looking for a more lovely commendation, and having heard but part of that, such as truly it was, the wind of her sighs had so raised up the tide of her tears, that she clipped the report, ere it could be told out, into many pieces. And as she would still fain have asked this question (is it so, indeed ?) she was fain to make up her distracted syllables with the letters of her eyes. This gentlewoman, Mr. Caverley's wife (if vows may make a wife), tooke with an inward consideration so to heart this unjust wrong, that exercising her hours only in continual sorrow, she brought herself to a consumption, who so played the insulting tyrant over her unblemished beauty, that the civil contention dwelt in her face of white and red was turned to a death-like paleness ; and all her arteries, wherein the spirit of life mixed with the blood doth runne, like giddy subjects in the empire of her body, greedy of innovation, tooke such ungentle part with this foreign usurper, that where health before was her peaceable sovereign, now distracted sickness and feeble weakness were her untimely conquerors : yet under this yoke of grief she so patiently endured, that though she had great reason, a foundation whereon she might have built arguments to have cursed his proceedings, and where others would have contrasted syllables both of reproach and reproof against him, she only married these letters together : " I entreat of God to grant both prosperous health and

fruitful wealth to him and his, though I am sick for his sake."

But to Master Caverley, who having finished this wrong to this gentlewoman, and begun too much distress to her that he married (as too soon appeared): for though the former, conquered by the gentleness of her nature, forgave his fault, yet revenge being always in God's hand, thus it fell.

This gentleman had not lived many months with his wife, but he was so altered in disposition from that which he was, and so short from the perfection which he had, as a body dying is of a life flourishing; and where before his thoughts only studied the relish of virtue and her effects, his actions did now altogether practise the unprofitable taste of vice and her fruits.

For, though he were a man of so good revenue as before, he continued his expense in such exceeding riot, that he was forced to mortgage his lands, run in great debts, entangle his friends by being bound for him, and in short time so weakened his estate that having not wherewithal to carry that port which before he did, he gave into a discontent, which so swayed him, he would sit sullenly, walk melancholy, bethinking continually, and with steady looks nailed to the ground, seem astonished that when his wife would come to desire the cause of his sadness, and entreat to be a willing partner in his sorrow; for—

*Consortium rerum omnium inter nos
Facit amicitia,*

he would either sit still without giving her an answer, or rising up depart from her with these words, "A plague

upon thee! thou art the cause of my sadness." The gentlewoman, which without question this report is true of, never so much as in thought offended him, and having been sundry times cursed without cause, once came to him and making her tears parley with her words, she thus entreated him :—"Sir, Master Caverley, I beseech you by the mutual love which should be betwixt us, by the vows we have made together, both before and at our marriage, and by that God that registers our thoughts, tell me what I have done, the remembrance of which should afflict you, or what I may do that might content you : as you desire the three lovely boys you have been father unto should grow up and make name live in your country, acquaint me with your griefs; and what a wife can show to manifest her love to her husband shall be perfected in me." Master Caverley fixing himself with a steady eye upon her, at last delivered this : "I now want money, and thou must help me."

"O, Master Caverley (quoth she) though God and yourself know I am no cause of your want, yet what I have to supply you, either in jewels or in rings, I pray you take; and I beseech you, as you are a gentleman, and by the love you should bear to your children, although you care not for me, look back a little into your estate and restrain this great flood of your expense before your house be utterly overthrown. You know, sir, (quoth she) your land is mortgaged already, yourself otherwise greatly in debt, some friends of yours that are bound for you like to be undone." But, as she would have gone forward he cut her off with these words, "Base strumpet (whom though I married, I never loved), shall my pleasure be confined by

your will? If you and your bastards be in want, either beg or retire to your friends : my humour shall have the ancient scope. Thy rings and jewels I will sell, and as voluntary spend them, as when I was in my best estate." The good gentlewoman's eyes being drawn full of water with these words, made him no other reply but this, "Sir, your will be done." But he fled on in this vehemency of blood, "I protest, by heaven, I will ever hereafter loath thee, and never lie with thee, till thou give thy consent thy dowry shall be sold to maintain my pleasure, and leave thyself and children destitute of maintenance." "Sir, (answered she) in all this I will be a wife ; what in all this the law will allow me to do, you shall command." "See thou dost it (quoth he), for no longer than I am full of money shalt thou partake from me a taste of kindness."

Mrs. Caverley, going forward with this intent to sell away her dowry, was sent for up to London by that honourable friend whose niece she was, and whose ward she had been ; who, having heard of her husband's prodigal course, at her coming up began to question her about her estate, and whether he bore himself as a husband should do in familiar love to her ? The gentlewoman, though she knew how desperate his estate was, and her tongue could too well have told his unkindness, she answered both thus : "For my husband's estate, I make no doubt but it is in the same height his father left it him ; but for our love one to another, I am assured, and I praise God for it, we live like Abraham and Sarah, he loving to me, I obedient to him."

"Howsoever (answered this honourable friend) your words are an ornament a good wife should have, and you seeke

to shadow the blemishes his actions have cast upon his life. Let this suffice you, I know his prodigal course: I know how his land is all, or the most part of it, mortgaged, himself in debt to many: yet censuring these infirmities to proceed of no other cause, but from the rash heat of youth, which will in time, no doubt, be suppressed by experience, and that I believe your words be true, and am glad to hear of his kindness toward you, I will take such order for him, as he shall continue still Master Caverley, in the same degree, or better, than ere his ancestors were in Yorkshire; and at your return to certify him withal that he hasten up to Court. Nor let the fear of his creditors abridge his coming up, for I will protect him both from them, and also provide some place in Court for him, wherein he shall find I am his honourable kinsman."

The good gentlewoman was so struck with joy at this comfortable promise, that she was scarce able to speak out her dutiful thanks. And thinking her husband would be satisfied with this preferment, hoping that kindness would be contracted again betwixt them, and assuring herself there would be now no need to make sale of her dowry (for that was also part business), having taken leave of her honourable kinsman, she returned toward Caverley.

During this her absence Master Caverley maintained his accustomed habit, and indeed grew from bad to worse: for mischief is of that nature that it cannot stand but by strengthening of one evil with another, and so multiply in itself until it come unto the highest, and then falls with his own weight. So Mr. Caverley being given to excess, rioting and dicing, drinking, revelling, and it is thought etc., fed one evil with another, and in such continual use,

that his body was not in temper without the exercise of sin : for who knows not *sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus* ? So, without money pleasure will hardly be maintained.

And this gentleman having now made wrack of his estate, and finding himself not able to maintain his pleasure, when his desire was as great as before (for pleasure being once delightful unto the memory is as hard to be resisted as madness), first he fell into a hatred with his wife, and in this her absence to such a loathing of his children that, in whatsoever company he had happened, he could not contain his rage, but would openly proclaim his wife was a strumpet, his children were bastards. And, although their marriage was made by honourable personages, herself nobly descended, from the first hour he embraced her to that very minute he did loath her. Some would mildly persuade him from this frenzy, others would courteously reprove him, saying, "It was not fit"; and all whose modesty thought it unmeet to meddle betwixt man and wife, knowing her virtuous life, did utterly condemn him.

But he continued this publication in all places where he came ; and at one, among the number, there happened a gentleman to be, who, having known the discreetness of his wife from her very cradle, and hearing him so wild in his abuses, prepared himself confidently to correct him ; and having began his speech of chastisement, the other not enduring to be detected, both being soon inflamed, fell to quarrellous terms, and in such heat that Mr. Caverley did not spare to say, that he might well be his wife's friend, for aught that he knew ; nay, there was great presumption for it, since he so easily should be stirred up in his wife's

excuse. The gentleman, not enduring to hear her reputation, but especially his own, to be touched, so answered Mr. Caverley, and again Mr. Caverley him, that they both agreed to purge themselves in the field. Both met, and after some thrusts changed between them, Mr. Caverley was hurt, yet would not give over; so that after he became at the gentleman's mercy: but he of that humane condition not to desire his life, nor so much blood as was had he not been urged, bade him rise and left him with these words: "Mr. Caverley, you are a gentleman of an ancient house: there hath been much good expected from you; deceive not men's hopes: you have a virtuous wife, be kind unto her. I forget my wrong, and continue your friend."

But Mr. Caverley, unsatisfied with this, his heart flew to his mouth, as it would have leapt out after him for revenge; yet knowing he could get little by following him but hurts such as he had already, prepared to turn his wrath another way. Then, looking upon his wounds and seeing them bleed, said to himself, "Strumpet! thou art the cause that I bleed now, but I will be the cause that thou shalt bleed hereafter." So, taking his horse, he rode presently home, where before his wounds were thoroughly cured, his wife was come from London, and the first greeting was given her by her husband was, "What! hast thou brought the money? Is the land sold?" She answered: "Sir, I hope I have made a journey shall redound both to your comfort and mine:" so acquainting him with the precedency, which was his promised preferment by her kinsman; and expecting a loving acceptance, the first thanks he gave her was a spurn; and looking upon her as if his eyes would have shot fire into her face, "Have you been at London to make your

complaint of me, you damnable strumpet (quoth he) that the greatness of your friends might oversway the weakness of my estate ; and I that have lived in that rank of will which I have done, that freedom of pleasure, should forsake it now ? Shall I, being a Caverley of Caverley, stoop my thoughts so low to attend on the countenance of your alliance, to order my life by their direction, and neither do or undo anything but what they list ? which, if I refuse to do, your complaints have so wrought with them, and you have so possessed them of my estate, they will enforce me, forsooth for your good and the good of my children : was this your trick to save your dowry, the which I sware you should sell ? Was this your going to London ?”

The good gentlewoman being almost blown to death with the vehemency of his wrath, fell at his feete and desired him to hear her ; when, poor soul, she was so full of grief she had not the power to speak ; yet having eased the way with a few of sorrow's drops, she began to plead this true excuse to him, that (like one that had lost all his senses) had scarce patience to hear. “ Sir (said she), God knows the words I speak have no fashion of untruth : my friends are fully possessed your land is mortgaged : they know to whom and for what ; but not by me, I beseech you believe : and for any difference betwixt yourself and me, which I doubt would offend more than the mortgaging of your land, I protest yet there is no occasion to suspect. If you think I have published anything to him with desire to keepe the sale of my dowry from you, either for mine own good or my children's, though it fits I should have a motherly care for them (you being my husband), pass it away as you please, spend it how you will, so I may but

enjoy welcome looks, and kind words from you : and when all which you call yours is gone, ere you and yours shall want, I will work for my maintenance : neither of which extremities, sir, need if you please, if you will but accept preferment in England's Court, being offered you *gratis*, which many men would purchase with cost, and cannot compass it."

At which words, though thus mildly uttered, and on her humble knees, he was so without cause enraged, that had not one of his men come up in the instant, and told him there was a gentleman from the Universities stayed to speak with him, he had offered her present violence.

Mr. Caverley went down to this gentleman, leaving his wife stuffed with grief up to the eye-lids, and she, good soul, having eased her heart with a long-fetched sigh or two, laid her downe upon her bed ; where, in her careful slumbers, we will leave her, and attend the conference between Mr. Caverley and this gentleman.

Mr. Caverley had a second brother, who at this present was of good standing in the University, who upon some extremity Mr. Caverley was in, for so he would plead himself to be to his friends when he would have them bound for him, had passed his bond with his brother for a thousand pound : this bond was by Mr. Caverley forfeited, and this young gentleman, being reputed of staid government, the execution was served upon him, and he at this instant prisoner for his brother's debt.

About this business came this gentleman to Mr. Caverley, who being master of the College wherein his brother had his instruction, and having ever noted his forward will to the exercise of virtue, in pity of his estate, being moved

thereunto by the young student, came purposely thither ; who without long circumstance, told Master Caverley that the cause of his coming was to stir up his conscience to have regard to his brother, for he heard he was careless ; and indeed dealt so sharply and forcibly in laying open to him what scandal all the world would throw upon him, what judgment by God should fall upon him for suffering his brother to spend the glory of his youth, which is the time that young men of hope should seek for preferment, in prison by his means ; and did so harrow up his soul with his invincible arguments, that in that minute he made him look back into the error of his life, which scarce ever in his life he had done before this instant.

The gentleman having spoke his mind, asketh him what he meant to do with his brother, for he now waited answer ? Mr. Caverley made him this mild reply :—" Sir, I thank you both for your pains and good instructions to me in my brother's behalf ; and I must confess I have done him much wrong." So, calling for a cup of beer, drank to him, and bade him welcome. " Now, sir," quoth Mr. Caverley, " if you please but to walk down and see the grounds about my house, one of my men shall go along with you : at your return I will give so sufficient answer, that my brother by you shall be satisfied, and he a prisoner but a few hours." The gentleman thanked him, and told him, in performing that natural office he should both glorify God, satisfy the world, and he himself account his pains profitable.

This stranger is gone to walk with one of Mr. Caverley's men to over-view the ground, and Mr. Caverley retires himself into a gallery ; where, being alone, he presently fell into a deep consideration of his state, how his prodigal

course of life had wronged his brother, abused his wife, and undone his children. Then was presented before the eyes of his imagination the wealth his father had left him, and the misery he should leave his children in. Then he saw what an unnatural part it was, his brother to lie in prison for his debt, and he not able to deliver him. Then he saw that his wife being nobly descended (unless her own friends took pity upon her) should with his children be driven to beg remorse of the world, which is composed of flint. Then saw he the extirpation of his family, the ruin of his ancient house, which hundreds of years together had been gentlemen of the best reputation in Yorkshire ; and every one of these out of their several objects did create a several distraction in him : sometimes he would tear his hair, by and by tears would flush into his eyes, straight brake out into this exclamation, " O ! I am the most wretched man that ever mother received the seed of ! O ! would I had been slain in my womb, and that my mother had been my sepulchre. I have begot children to eat their bread in bitterness, made a wife to be nothing but lamentation, and a brother to die in care." And as he was thus tormented in the remembrance of his own folly, his eldest son, being a child of four years old, came into the gallery to scourge his top, and seeing his father to stand in a study, looked prettily up to him, saying, " How do you, father ?" which lovely look and gentle question of the child raised again the remembrance of the distress that he should leave him in. And as the sea, being hurled into hideous billows by the fury of the wind, hideth both heaven and earth from the eye of man, so he, being overwhelmed by the violence of his passion, all natural love was forgot in his remem-

brance, caught his child up by the neck, and striking him with his dagger, the childe lent him such a look would have driven a hand, seven years 'prentice unto murder, to an ague: yet he, O! would it had never been done, it might never have been told! though his arm seemed twice to remember him of the monstrosity of the fact, he struck the lovely infant into the head, and holding the bleeding child at his arm's length, that the blood might not sprinkle his cloaths which had stained his heart and honour, he so carried it into a near chamber, where his wife lay asleep on a bed, and the maid was dressing another child by the fire (here is to be noted, his third was at nurse abroad), but the woman seeing him come in that cruel sort, his child in one hand, his reeking dagger in the other, the child bleeding, he staring, started from the fire and with the child in her arms, cried out; but he, letting go the boy he had wounded, caught violently the other out of her arms, and this chamber-door being at the top of a high pair of stairs, carried her forth by main strength and threw the poor woman down to the bottom, who, in tender pity by precedent of the one would have preserved the other.

The child that was wounded was all this while crying in the chamber, and with his woeful noise waked as woeful a mother, who, seeing one child bleeding, the other lie on the ground (for he had laid the younger down while he strove to throw the maid down stairs) she caught up the youngest, and going to take the elder, which was going toward the door, her husband coming back met her, and came to struggle with her for the child, which she sought to preserve with words, tears, and all what a mother could do, from so tragical an end: and when he saw he could not get it from her, he

most remorseless stabbed at it some three or four times, all which she saved the child from by taking it on herself : and having a pair of whalebone bodies on, it pleased God his dagger so glanced on them that she had yet but one wound in the shoulder. But he, more cruel by this resistance, caught fast hold upon the child, and in the mother's arms stabbed it to the heart ; and, after giving his wife two or three mortal wounds she fell backward, and the child dead at her feet.

The maid that was thrown down stairs by him, with the greatness of the fall, the stairs being high, lay for dead at the bottom : the noise of this had brought the servants, not knowing of that which was more tyrannous, to help the maid, thinking she had fell by mischance, and did their best to comfort her beneath, while the father and the mother were striving, one to preserve the infant, the other to kill it. The child which was first wounded sought to get to the door, and having recovered the top of the stairs (by expense of blood and the greatness of the wound) having nobody to comfort it, fell also down stairs, that the arms of the servants helping the maid at the stair-foot, were fain to let her go to receive him. Some caught up the dead infant, some helped the maid, all, amazed at this tragic alteration, knew not what to think : yet one of the men more hardy than the rest, ran up and met his master in the chamber, when he saw his mistress lie on the ground, and her dead child at her feet, and saying to him, "O ! sir, what have you done ?"—"That which I repent not, knave", answered he ; and having still the dagger in his hand came to stab at him ; but the fellow, seeking to save himself, as also to attach his master, they both fell to struggling. Mr.

Caverley, which was known before a man of weak constitution, was in the strife too hard for the fellow, who was reported of a very able body, and, in the wrestling together, did so tear him with the rowels of his spurs, both on the face and legs, that there he left him, not being able to follow him.

Mr. Caverley went down stairs, and presently took towards the stable : by the way he met the gentleman who before was walking to view his grounds, who, wondering to see him in such a heate, asked, "What ails you, sir?" He answered : "No great matter ; but, sir, I will resolve you within, where I have taken order for my brother's business." So the gentleman walked in, and Mr. Caverley hasted to the stable, where, finding a gelding ready saddled, backed him and fled away presently. The gentleman coming in was entertained with the outcries and shrieks of the mother for the children (for by this time she was almost recovered), the men-servants at this doleful mischance, and all lamenting a father should be so unnatural. The gentleman doubting that, which was, of Mr. Caverley's escape, left all the house making elegies of sorrow, and betooke himself to his pursuit ; and having forthwith raised the town, and heard which way he rode, followed him with the swiftest haste. Mr. Caverley again, being well horsed, spurred as fast as they, not earnest to escape, but thirsty after more blood ; for, having an infant of half a year old at nurse some twelve mile off, he, pricked by his preposterous fate, had a desire to roote all his own generation, and only intending to murder it, was careless what became of himself : he rode hard for an act of sin, and they pursued for the execution of justice.

But God, that ordereth the life of a wren, hath then a care of his reasonable creatures ; and though Cain was suffered to kill his brother Abel, God bound him not to destroy himself. So for Mr. Caverley ; though God permitted the sun to blush at his unnatural acts, yet he suffered him not to escape without his revenge ; for when he was at the town's end, within a bow-shot where his child sucked that he came to murder, and his heart had made sharp the knife to cut his own infant's throat, (O God how just thou art !) his horse that flew from his former tragedies, as appointed by God to tie him from any more guilt, and to preserve the infant's life ; in a plain ground, where there was scarce a pebble to resist his haste, the horse fell down and Mr. Caverley under him. The horse got up, and breaking from the hold his master had to stay him, ran violently toward the town, leaving Mr. Caverley not able to stir from thence ; where he was soon overtaken by the pursuit, and indeed seized on by those did both lament his fall and pity his folly. From thence he was carried to a worshipful gentleman, one Sir John Savill, who having heard the tempest of this evil, and knowing from what ancestors he was descended, did bewaile his fate ; yet being in the place of justice he was enforced to ask him the cause that had made him so monstrous. He, being like a strumpet made impudent by her continuance in sin, made this answer : " I have done that, sir, I rejoyce at ; and repent this, that I had not killed the other. I had brought them to beggary, and am resolved I could not have pleased God better than by freeing them from it." " O, sir", answered that worshipful knight, " you have done so much that when you shall yourself but think upon the terror of death, the remembrance

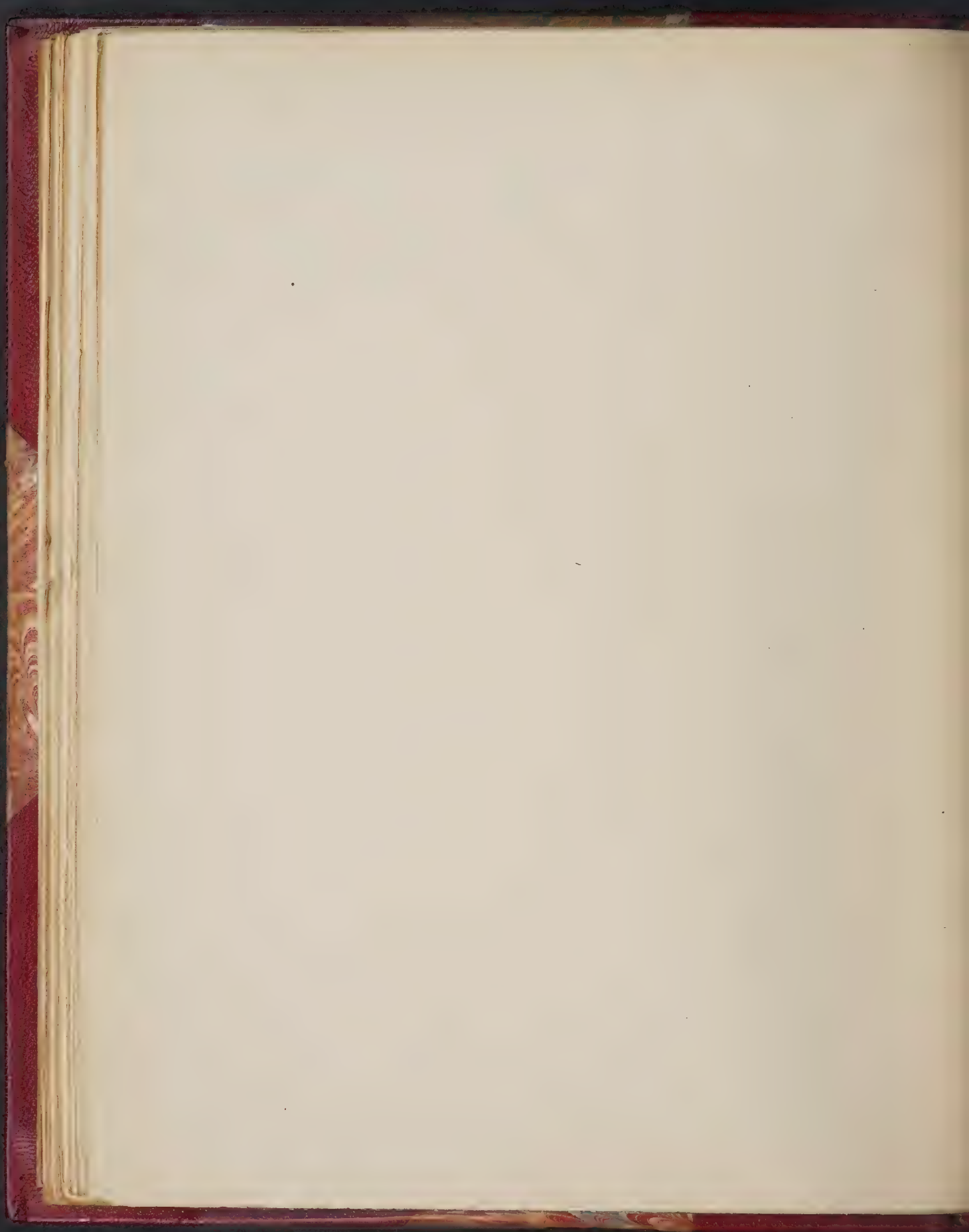
of this will make you wish you had never been born." But his heart being for that instant hardened, [he] was at once committed to one Master Key's house, a jail but lately built up in Wakefield, for at this time the infection of the plague was violent in York.

The way to Wakefield from Sir John Savill's lay direct by Mr. Caverley's house, against which when he came, he entreated the multitude that were his conduct, he might speak with his wife before he came to prison, who he heard was alive, though in great danger : that liberty was granted him. The distressed gentlewoman, when she saw him, forgot both her own wounds and the death of her two children, and did as lovingly kiss him and tenderly embrace him as he had never done her wrong : which strange kindness so strook to his heart, remembering the misery he had heaped upon her, that embracing one another there was so pitiful lamentation between them that had flint had ears it would have melted into water. And, could either words or tears have persuaded his keepers to have left him in her arms, she, Mrs. Caverley, before the blood was washed off from her cloaths (which he pierced out of her and her infants' bodies) gave occasion, would have altered them. But here they were divorced, she unable to rise to follow him, and he enforced to leave her : and by the way he should pass from his house, the grave chamber of his ancestors, which he never should see again, even on the threshold lay his two children to take their farewell with bleeding tongues ; which, when he beheld, his eyes were scarce able to bear up their covers ; nor was he distracted with the sight, but all like a pillar of salt, and the remembrance of their lively shape reflected such a natural heat

upon him that he was melted into water, and had not the power to take any farewell of them, but only in tears.

He was not long before he came to Key's house : he was not long there ; but the memory of his children sat in his eyes, so that for the one he repented all the day, and for the other lamented all the night : nor can the pen of the divinest poet express half the grief in words, that he conceives in heart. For, whereas, before he told Sir John Savill he was glad he had rid the world of beggars, now he employs his hours in these words, " I would I had those beggars either to beg with them, or to ask Heaven's alms for me."²

² —or to ask Heaven's alms for me."] Which, it will be observed, are the very words of "the divinest poet", supposing Shakespeare to have contributed the conclusion of the tragedy.



M U C E D O R U S.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

(*Ten Persons may easily play it.*)

The KING, <i>and</i> RÓMBOLO	For one Player.
KING OF VALENCIA	For one.
MUCEDORUS, <i>the</i> Prince of Valencia	For one.
ANSELMO	For one.
AMADINE, <i>the</i> King's Daughter of Aragon	For one.
SEGASTO, <i>a</i> Nobleman	For one.
ENVY, TREMELIO, <i>a</i> Captain, Bremo, <i>a wild man</i>	For one.
COMEDY, <i>a</i> Boy, <i>an old</i> Woman, Ariena, Amadine's Maid	For one.
COLLIN, <i>a</i> Counsellor, <i>a</i> Messenger	For one.
MOUSE, <i>the</i> Clown	For one.

¹ This is the ancient distribution of the several parts as contained in the impression of 1609, after the King of Valencia and his followers had been added to the characters, as they are given in the earlier impression of 1598.

THIS popular old play, reprinted here from the earliest known edition (with the exception of that of 1598) was doubtless in existence before Shakespeare joined a theatrical company. On some occasion when it was to be revived, possibly at Court, he was required, as we may believe, to add to it, in order to give it novelty and attraction. The earlier impression is without what we take to be Shakespeare's contribution, which applied, as far as we can now ascertain, to the opening of a scene near the middle of the performance, where he introduced the King of Valencia, Anselmo his old Councillor, and other lords and attendants in search of the lost Prince Mucedorus. The difference here in the style of composition is obvious. It has been stated, for about two centuries, that our great dramatist lent his assistance to the drama ; and we mainly rely upon the sudden improvement of the language to confirm that position ; but it may also be noted, that here a particular and a striking word is employed, "extolment", which also occurs in *Hamlet*, and as far as our dictionaries and glossaries go, is met with in no other author, ancient or modern.² Our copy of *Mucedorus*, dated in 1609, contains that scene ; but no part of it is met with in the *Mucedorus* of 1598 : the inference is that the addition by Shakespeare was made between those dates. All other portions of the drama are clearly by an inferior hand, and in a much humbler, and comparatively barbarous, style ; and we adduce the scene we have particularised in support of the old assertion that Shakespeare had a hand in the performance ; probably when *Mucedorus* was represented for the amusement of King James : it may, however, have been earlier. On this account only we now reprint it, bearing in mind that, in its original state, the drama probably belongs to the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. The whole of the conclusion is of the reign of James I, but not by Shakespeare.

² It may be exactly paralleled by the word "insultment", which is found only in *Cymbeline*, act iii, sc. 5, p. 76.

THE PROLOGUE.³

MOST sacred Majesty, whose great desires⁴
Thy subject England, nay, the world admires ;
Which heaven grant may still increase, O, may your praise,
Multiplying with your hours, your fame still raise !
Embrace your Council, Love with Faith them guide,
That both, as one, bench by each other's side :
So may your life pass on, and run so even,
That your firm zeal plant you a throne in heaven,
Where smiling angels shall your guardians be
From blemish'd traitors, stain'd with perjury :
And as the night's inferior to the day,
So be all earthly regions to your sway.
Be as the sun to day, the day to night,
For from your beams Europe shall borrow light :
Mirth drown your bosom, fair delight your mind,
And may our pastime your contentment find. [Exit.

³ The Prologue.] Evidently spoken before James I : the ninth and tenth lines refer, of course, to the Gunpowder Plot. The edition of 1598 is without prologue : the play was at that date performed before Queen Elizabeth, and what Shakespeare contributed may have been then first inserted.

⁴ —whose great DESIRES] In the old copies *deserts* is misprinted for “desires”: the rhyme detects the error ; but, possibly, the word was “deserts” in the first line, and *asserts* in the second.

MUCEDORUS,
THE KING'S SON OF VALENCIA.⁵

Enter COMEDY, joyfully, with a garland of bays on her head.

Com. WHY, so ; thus do I hope to please :
Music revives, and mirth is tolerable.
Comedy, play thy part with ease :⁶
Make merry them that come to joy with thee.
Joy, then, good gentles : I hope to make you laugh.
Sound forth Bellona's silver-tuned strings :
Time fits us well ; the day and place are ours.

Enter ENVY, his arms naked, besmeared with blood.

Env. Stay, stay, minion ! there lies a block.
What ! all on mirth ? I'll interrupt your tale,
And mix your music with a tragic end.

Com. What monstrous, ugly hag is this,
That dares control the pleasures of our will ?
'Vant ! churlish cur, besmear'd with gory blood,
That seem'st to check the blossom of delight,
And still the sound⁷ of sweet Bellona's breath.
Blush, monster, blush, and post away with shame,
That seek'st disturbance of a goddess' deeds.

⁵ Meaning, of course, the son of the king of Valencia.

⁶ —WITH EASE :] "and please" is repeated in the old copies.

⁷ And STILL the sound] "Still" is *stiffe* in the old copies.

Env. Post hence thyself, thou counterchecking trull.
 I will possess this habit, spite of thee,
 And gain the glory of thy wished port :
 I'll thunder music shall appall the Nymphes,
 And make them shiver their clattering strings,
 Flying for succour to their dankish caves.⁸

[*Sound drums within, and cry* Stab, stab !

Harken ! thou shalt hear a noise
 Shall fill the air with a shrilling sound,
 And thunder music to the gods above.
 Mars shall himself breathe down
 A peerless crown upon brave Envy's head,
 And raise his cheval with a lasting fame.
 In this brave music Envy takes delight,
 Where I may see them wallow in their blood,
 To spurn at arms and legs quite shivered off,
 And hear the cries of many thousands slain.
 How lik'st thou this, my trull ? 'tis sport alone for me.

Com. 'Vant, bloody cur, nurs'd up with tiger's sap !
 That so doth seek to quail a woman's mind.
 Comedy is mild, gentle, willing for to please,
 And seeks to gain the love of all estates,
 Delighting in mirth mix'd all with lovely tales,
 And bringeth things with treble joy to pass :
 Thou, bloody envious disdainer of men's joys,
 Whose name is fraught with bloody stratagems,
 Delight'st in nothing but in spoil and death,
 Where thou mayst trample on their lukewarm blood,
 And grasp their hearts within thy cursed paws ;

⁸ —DANKISH caves.] Misprinted "*Danish* caves" in the old copies.

Yet vail thy mind ; revenge thee not on me :
A silly woman begs it at thy hands.
Give me the leave to utter out my play :
Forbear this place : I humbly crave thee, hence,
And mix not death 'mongst pleasing comedies,
That treat nought else but pleasure and delight.
If any spark of human rest in thee,
Forbear ; begone, tender the suit of me.

Env. Why, so I will : forbearance shall be such,
As treble death shall cross thee with despite,
And make thee mourn where most thou joyest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole ;
Whirling thy pleasures with a peal of death,
And drench thy methods in a sea of blood.
This will I do : thus shall I bear with thee.
And more to vex thee with a deeper spite,
I will with threats of blood begin thy play,
Favouring thee with envy and with hate.

Com. Then, ugly monster, do thy worst.
I will defend them in despite of thee :
And though thou thinkest with tragic fumes,
To 'prave my play unto my deep disgrace,
I force thee not : I scorn what thou canst do.
I'll grace it so thyself shall it confess
From tragic stuff to be a pleasant Comedy.

Env. Why then, Comedy, send thy actors forth,
And I will cross the first steps of their tread,
Making them fear the very dart of Death.

Com. And I'll defend them, maugre all thy spite.
So, ugly fiend, farewell, till time shall serve
That we may meet and parle for the best.

Env. Content, Comedy. I'll go spread my branch ;
And scatter'd blossoms from mine envious tree,
Shall prove two monsters spoiling of their joys. [*Exit.*⁹

Enter MUCEDORUS and ANSELMO, his friend.

Muc. Anselmo !

Ans. My lord and friend.

Muc. True, my Anselmo, both thy lord and friend,
Whose dear affections bosom with my heart,
And keep their domination in one orb.

Ans. Whence ne'er disloyalty shall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choice respect.

Muc. Much blame were mine, if I should other deem,
Nor can coy Fancie¹⁰ contrary allow ;
But, my Anselmo, loth am I to say
I must estrange that friendship.
Misconster not : 'tis from the realm, not thee ;
Though lands part bodies, hearts keep company.
Thou know'st that I imparted often have
Private relations with my royal sire
Had as concerning beauteous Amadine,
Rich Aragon's bright jewel ; whose face, some say,
That blooming lilies never shone so gay,
Excelling, not excell'd : yet lest report
Does mangle virtue, boasting of what is not,
Wing'd with desire thither I'll straight repair ;
And be my fortunes, as my thoughts are, fair.

Ans. Will you forsake Valencia ? leave the court,
Absent you from the eye of sovereignty ?

⁹ —*Exit.*] This opening scene is not in the edit. of 1598.

¹⁰ Nor can coy FANCIE] "Fancie" is *Fortune* in the edit. 1610.

Do not, sweet prince, adventure on that task,
Since danger lurks each where ; be won from it.

Muc. Desist dissuasion,
My resolution brooks no battery :
Therefore, if thou retain thy wonted form,
Assist what I intend.

Ans. Your miss will breed a blemish in the court,
And throw a frosty dew upon that beard
Whose front Valencia stoops to.

Muc. If thou my welfare tender, then no more.
Let love's strong magic charm thy trivial phrase,
Wasted as vainly as to gripe the sun.
Augment not, then, more answers : lock thy lips,
Unless thy wisdom suit me with disguise
According to my purpose.

Ans. That action craves no counsel,
Since what you rightly are will more command
Than best usurped shape.

Muc. Thou still art opposite in disposition ;
A more obscure servile habiliment
Beseems this enterprise.

Ans. Then, like a Florentine or mountebank ?

Muc. 'Tis too much tedious : I dislike thy judgment :
My mind is grafted on a humbler stock.

Ans. Within my closet does there hang a cassock ;
Though base, the weed is covert ; 'twas a shepherd's,
Which I presented in lord Julio's mask.

Muc. That, my Anselmo ; and none else but that
Mask Mucedorus from the vulgar view :
That habit suits my mind. Fetch me that weed.

[Exit ANSELMO.]

Better than kings have not disdain'd that state,
And much inferior, to obtain their mate.

Enter ANSELMO with a Shepherd's coat.

So : let our respect command thy secrecy.
At once a brief farewell :
Delay to lovers is a second hell. [Exit MUCEDORUS.
Ans. Prosperity fore-run thee : awkward chance
Never be neighbour to thy wish's venture.
Content and fame advance thee : ever thrive
And glory thy mortality survive ! [Exit.

Enter Mouse, with a bottle of hay.

Mouse. O horrible ! terrible ! was ever poor gentleman
so scared out of his seven senses ? A bear ? Nay, sure ;
it cannot be a bear, but some devil in a bear's doublet ; for
a bear could never have had that agility to have frightened
me. Well, I'll see my father hanged, before I'll serve his
horse any more.—Well, I'll carry home my bottle of hay,
and for once make my father's horse turn Puritan and
observe fasting days ; for he gets not a bit. But soft : this
way she followed me : therefore I'll take the other path ;
and because I'll be sure to have an eye on her, I will take
hands with some foolish creditor, and make every step back-
wards. [As he goes backwards the Bear comes in ; and
he tumbles over her and runs away, and
leaves his bottle of hay behind him.

*Enter SEGASTO running, and AMADINE after him
pursued with a Bear.*

Seg. O fly, madam, fly ! or else we are but dead.

Am. Help, Segasto! Help, help, sweet Segasto, or else
I die!

Seg. Alas! madam! there is no way but flight:
Then haste to save yourself. [SEGASTO runs away.

Am. Why then, I die. Ah! help me in distress!

*Enter MUCEDORUS like a shepherd, with a sword drawn,
and a Bear's head in his hand.*

Muc. Stay, lady, stay, and be no more dismay'd!
That cruel beast, most merciless and fell,
Which hath bereaved thousands of their lives,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to find his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others' death,
His carcass now lies headless, void of breath.

Am. That foul deformed monster, is he dead?

Muc. Assure yourself thereof: behold his head!
Which, if it please you, lady, to accept,
With willing heart I yield it to your majesty.

Am. Thanks, worthy shepherd: thanks a thousand times.
This gift, assure thyself, contents me more
Than greatest bounty of a mighty prince,
Although he were the monarch of the world.

Muc. Most gracious goddess, more than mortal wight,
Your heavenly hue of right imports no less,
Most glad am I in that it was my chance
To undertake this enterprise in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad your princely mind.

Am. No goddess, shepherd; but a mortal wight,
A mortal wight, distressed as thou seest.
My father here is king of Aragon;

I, Amadine, his only daughter am,
And after him sole heir unto the crown.
Now, whereas it is my father's will
To marry me unto Segasto,
One whose wealth, through father's former usury,
Is known to be no less than wonderful.
We both of custom oftentimes did use
(Leaving the court) to walk within the fields.
For recreation, especially the spring,
In that it yields great store of rare delights ;
And passing further than our wonted walks,
Scarce enter'd were within these luckless woods,
But right before us, down a steep-fall hill,
A monstrous ugly bear did hie him fast
To meet us both.—I faint to tell the rest,
Good shepherd ; but suppose his ghastly looks,
The hideous fears, the thousand hundred woes,
Which at this instant Amadine sustain'd.

Muc. Yet, worthy princess, let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former joys revive.

Am. Believe me, shepherd, so it doth no less.

Muc. Long may they last unto your heart's content.
But, tell me, lady, what is become of him,
Segasto call'd ? What is become of him ?

Am. That know not I : that know the powers divine ;
But God grant this, that sweet Segasto live.

Muc. Yet hard, hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to save himself by flight,
And leave so brave a princess to the spoil.

Am. Well, shepherd, for thy worthy valor tried,
Endangering thyself to set me free,

Unrecompensed, sure, thou shalt not be :
In court thy courage shall be plainly known :
Throughout the kingdom will I spread thy name,
To thy renown and never-dying fame :
And that thy courage may be better known,
Bear thou the head of this most monstrous beast
In open sight, to every courtier's view :
So will the king my father thee reward.
Come, let's away and guard me to the court.

Muc. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SEGASTO, solus.

Seg. When heaps of harms do hover over head,
'Tis time, as then (some say) to look about,
And of ensuing harms to choose the least ;
But hard, yea hapless, is that wretch's chance,
Luckless his lot, and caitiff-like accurst,
At whose proceedings fortune ever frowns.
Myself I mean, most subject unto thrall ;
For I, the more I seek to shun the worst,
The more by proof I find myself accurst.
Erewhile, assaulted by an ugly bear,
Fair Amadine in company all alone,
Forthwith by flight I thought to save myself,
Leaving my Amadine unto her shifts ;
For death it was for to resist the bear,
And death no less of Amadine's harms to hear.
Accursed I in lingering life thus long :
In living thus each minute of an hour,
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths.

If she by flight his fury do escape,
What will she think ?
Will she not say, yea, flatly to my face,
Accusing me of mere disloyalty.
A trusty friend is tried in time of need :
But I, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cried, *Segasto help !*
I turn'd my back and quickly ran away !
Unworthy I to bear this vital breath.
But, what ? what need these plaints ?
If Amadine do live, then happy I !
She will in time forgive, and so forget :
Amadine is merciful, not Juno-like,
In harmful heart to harbour hatred long.

Enter MOUSE, the Clown, running, crying Clubs !

Mouse. Clubs ! prongs ! pitchforks ! bills ! O, help !
A bear ! A bear, a bear !

Seg. Still bears, and nothing else but bears.
Tell me, sirrah, where she is.

Mouse. O, sir ! she is run down the woods :
I saw her white head, and her white belly.

Seg. Thou talkest of wonders, to tell me of white bears.
But, sirrah, didst thou ever see any such ?

Mouse. No, 'faith, I never saw any such ;
But I remember my father's words : he bade me take heed
I was not caught with a white bear.

Seg. A lamentable tale, no doubt.

Mouse. I tell you what, sir, As I was going a-field to
serve my father's great horse, and carried a bottle of hay
upon my head : now do you see, sir, I, fast hood-winked

that I could see nothing, I perceiving the bear coming, I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

Seg. What! from nothing?

Mouse. I warrant you, yes: I saw something; for there was two loads of thorns, besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Seg. But tell me, sirrah: the bear thou didst see, Did she not bear a bucket on her arm?

Mouse. Ha, ha, ha! I never saw bear go a-milking in all my life. But mark you, sir: I did not look so high as her arm: I saw nothing but her white head and her white belly.

Seg. But tell me, sirrah; where dost thou dwell?

Mouse. Why, do you not know me?

Seg. Why, no; how should I know thee?

Mouse. Why, then, you know nobody, an you know not me.¹

I tell you, sir: I am the good-man Rat's son, of the next parish, over the hill.

Seg. Good-man Rat's son! Why, what is thy name?

Mouse. Why, I am very near akin to him.

Seg. I think so; but what's thy name.

Mouse. My name? I have a very pretty name.

I'll tell you what my name is: my name is Mouse.

Seg. What! plain Mouse?

Mouse. Aye, plain Mouse, without either welt or guard. But do you hear, sir? I am a very young Mouse, for my tail is scarce grown out yet: look you here else.

¹ Why, then, you know nobody, etc.] Thomas Heywood wrote a Comedy with this proverbial title: it was first printed in 1605.

Seg. But, I pray thee, who gave thee that name?

Mouse. Faith, sir, I know not that; but if you would fain know, ask my father's great horse, for he hath been half a year longer with my father than I have.

Seg. This seems to be a merry fellow: [Aside.
I care not if I take him home with me.
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled mind:
A merry man a merry master makes.

How say'st thou, sirrah? wilt thou dwell with me? [To him.

Mouse. Nay, soft, sir: two words to a bargain: pray you what occupation are you?

Seg. No occupation: I live upon my lands.

Mouse. Your lands! Away! you are no master for me. Why, do you think I am so mad to go seek my living in the lands, amongst the stones, briers and bushes, and tear my holiday apparel? Not I by your leave.

Seg. Why, I do not mean thou shalt.

Mouse. How, then?

Seg. Why thou shalt be my man, and wait upon me at the court.

Mouse. What's that?

Seg. Where the king lies.

Mouse. What's that same king? a man or a woman?

Seg. A man; as thou art.

Mouse. As I am! Hark you, sir. Pray, what kin is he to goodman King of our parish, the churchwarden?

Seg. No kin to him: he is the king of the whole land.

Mouse. King of the land! I never see him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt see him every day.

Mouse. Shall I go home again to be torn in pieces by

bears? No, not I. I will go home and put on a clean shirt, and then go drown myself.

Seg. Thou shalt not need: if thou wilt dwell with me thou shalt want nothing.

Mouse. Shall I not? then, here's my hand: I'll dwell with you. And, hark you, sir: now you have entertained me, I will tell you what I can do. I can keep my tongue from picking and stealing, and my hands from lying and slandering, I warrant you, as well as ever you had a man in all your life.

Seg. Now, will I to court with sorrowful heart, rounded with doubts: if Amadine do live, then happy I! yea, happy I, if Amadine do live. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter the KING with a young Prince, prisoner; AMADINE, TREMELIO, with COLLIN and Counsellors.

King. Now, brave lords, our wars are brought to end,
Our foes the foil, and we in safety rest;
It us behoves to use such clemency
In peace as valour in wars. It is
Great honour to be bountiful at home,
As to be conquerors in the field.
Therefore, my lords, the more to my content,
Your liking and your country's safeguard,
We are dispos'd in marriage for to give
Our daughter to the lord Segasto here,
Who shall succeed the diadem after me,
And reign hereafter as I 'tofore have done,
Your sole and lawful king of Aragon.
What say you, lordings? like you of my advice?

Col. An't please your majesty, we do not only allow of

your highness' pleasure, but also vow faithfully, in what we may, to further it.

King. Thanks, good my lords ; if long Adrastus live,
He will at full requite your courtesies.—
Tremelio, in recompense of thy late valour done,
Take unto thee the Catalone, a prince
Lately our prisoner, taken in the wars :
Be thou his keeper, his ransom shall be thine ;
We'll think of it when leisure shall afford :
Meanwhile, do use him well : his father is a king.

Tre. Thanks to your majesty : his usage shall be such
As he thereat shall think no cause to grutch. [*Exit* TREM.]

King. Then march we on to court, and rest our wearied limbs.—

But, Collin, I have a tale in secret kept for thee.
When thou shalt hear a watchword from thy king,
Think, then, some weighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concern our state :
Then, Collin, look thou be not far from me ;
And for the service thou 'tofore hast done,
Thy truth and valour prov'd in every point,
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore.
So, guard us to the court.

Col. What so my sovereign doth command me do,
With willing mind I gladly yield consent. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter SEGASTO, and the Clown with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me, sirrah ; how do you like your weapons ?

Mouse. O ! very well, very well ; they keep my sides warm.

Seg. They keep the dogs from your shins very well, do they not ?

Mouse. How keep the dogs from my shins? I would scorn but my shins would keep the dogs from them.

Seg. Well, sirrah, leaving idle talk, tell me Dost thou know captain Tremelio's chamber?

Mouse. Aye, very well: it hath a door.

Seg. I think so, for so hath every chamber: but dost thou know the man?

Mouse. Aye, forsooth: he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why, so hath every one.

Mouse. That's more than I know.

Seg. But dost thou remember the captain that was here with the king even now, that brought the young prince prisoner?

Mouse. O! very well.

Seg. Go unto him, and bid him come unto me: tell him I have a matter in secret to impart to him.

Mouse. I will, master; master, what's his name?

Seg. Why, captain Tremelio.

Mouse. O! the mealman: I know him very well. He brings meal every Saturday: but hark you, master: must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

Seg. No, sirrah: he must come to me.

Mouse. Hark you, master; how if he be not at home? what shall I do then?

Seg. Why, then leave word with some of his folks.

Mouse. O, master! if there be nobody within, I will leave word with his dog.

Seg. Why, can his dog speak?

Mouse. I cannot tell: wherefore doth he keep his chamber else?

Seg. To keep out such knaves as thou art.

Mouse. Nay ; by lady, then go yourself.

Seg. You will go, sir, will you not ?

Mouse. Yes, marry, will I : O ! 'tis come to my head,
An he be not within, I'll bring his chamber to you.

Seg. What ! wilt thou pluck down the king's house ?

Mouse. Nay, by Lady, I'll know the price of it, first.
Master, 'tis a hard name : I have forgotten it again. I pray
you, tell me his name.

Seg. I tell thee, captain Tremelio:

Mouse. O ! captain treble knave ; captain treble knave !
[*Calling.*

Enter TREMELIO.

Tre. How now, sirrah : dost thou call me ?

Mouse. You must come to my master, captain Treble-
knave.

Tre. My lord Segasto, did you send for me ?

Seg. I did, Tremelio.—Sirrah, about your business.

Mouse. Marry, what's that ? Can you tell ?

Seg. No, not well.

Mouse. Marry then, I can : straight to the kitchen-
dresser to John the cook, and get me a good piece of beef
and brewis ; and then to the buttery-hatch, to Thomas
the butler, for a jack of beer ; and there for an hour I'll so
belabour myself : and, therefore, I pray you, call me not
till you think I have done, I pray you, good master. [*Exit.*

Seg. Well, sir, away.—Tremelio this it is :
Thou know'st the valour of Segasto
Spread through all the kingdom of Aragon,
And such as hath found triumph and favours ;
Never daunted at any time : but now a shepherd,
Admired at in court for worthiness ;

And Segasto's honour laid aside :

My will, therefore, is this, that thou dost find some means to work the shepherd's death. I know thy strength sufficient to perform my desire, and thy love no otherwise than to revenge my injuries.

Tre. It is not the frowns of a shepherd that Tremelio fears : therefore, account it accomplished, what I take in hand.

Seg. Thanks, good Tremelio, and assure thyself What I promise that will I perform.

Tre. Thanks, my good lord ; and in good time, See where he cometh. Stand by awhile, And you shall see me put in practice your intended drifts.—

Enter MUCEDORUS.

Have at thee, swain, if that I hit thee right.

Muc. Vile coward, so without cause to strike a man : Turn coward, turn ! now strike, and do thy worst.

[MUCEDORUS kills him.]

Seg. Hold, shepherd, hold ! Spare him : kill him not. Accursed villain ! tell me, what hast thou done ?— Ah, Tremelio, trusty Tremelio ! I sorrow for thy death ; And since that thou living didst prove faithful to Segasto, So, Segasto now living will honour the dead Corpse of Tremelio with revenge.— Blood-thirsty villain, born and bred In merciless murder, tell me how durst thou be so bold As once to lay thy hands upon the least of mine ? Assure thyself, thou shalt be used According to the law.

Muc. Segasto, cease ! these threats are needless.
Accuse me not of murder, that have done
Nothing but in mine own defence.

Seg. Nay, shepherd, reason not with me :
I'll manifest thy fact unto the king ;
Whose doom will be thy death, as thou deservest.
What, ho ! Mouse, come away.

Enter MOUSE.

Mouse. Why, how now ! what's the matter ?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Seg. Come, help away with my friend.

Mouse. Why, is he drunk ? Cannot he stand on his feet ?

Seg. No, he is not drunk ; he is slain.

Mouse. Flain ? no, by Lady, he is not flain.

Seg. He is killed, I tell thee.

Mouse. What ! do you use to kill your friend ? I will
serve you no longer.

Seg. I tell thee, the shepherd killed him.

Mouse. O ! did a' so ? But, master, I will have all his
apparel if I carry him away.

Seg. Why, so thou shalt.

Mouse. Come, then ; I will help. Mass, master, I think
his mother sung looby to him, he is so heavy.

[Exeunt with the body.]

Muc. Behold the fickle state of man ! always mutable,
never at one.

Sometimes we feed on fancies with the sweet of our desires :
Sometimes, again, we feel the heat of extreme miseries.
Now, am I in favour about the court and country ;
To-morrow, those favours will turn to frowns :

To-day, I live revenged on my foe,
To-morrow, I die, my foe reveng'd on me. [Exit.

Enter BREMO, a wild man.

Bre. No passenger this morning? What! not one?
A chance that seldom doth befall.
What! not one? Then lie thou there,
[Laying down his club.
And rest thyself till I have farther need.
Now, Bremo, sith thy leisure so affords.
An endless thing; who knows not Bremo's strength,
Who, like a king commands within these woods?
The bear, the boar, dare not abide my sight,
But haste away to save themselves by flight.
The crystal waters in the bubbling brooks,
When I come by do swiftly slide away,
And clap themselves in closets under banks,
Afraid to look bold Bremo in the face.
The aged oaks at Bremo's breath do bow,
And all things else are still at my command:
Else what would I?
Rend them in pieces, and pluck them from the earth,
And each way else I would revenge myself.
Why, who comes here, with whom I dare not fight?
Who fights with me, and doth not die the death?
Not one!
What favour shows this sturdy stick to those,
That here within these woods are combatants with me?
Why death, and nothing else but present death.
With restless rage I wander through these woods:
No creature here but feareth Bremo's force;

Man, woman, child, beast, and bird,
And everything that doth approach my sight,
Are forc'd to fall, if Bremono once do frown.
Come, cudgel, come, my partner in my spoils,
For here, I see, this day it will not be.
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat sufficeth for to work my will.
What! comes not one? then, let's begone:
A time will come when we shall better speed. [Exit.

*Enter the KING, SEGASTO, MUCEDORUS as Shepherd, and
the Clown, with others.*

King. Shepherd, thou hast heard thine accusers:
Murder is laid to thy charge.

What canst thou say? thou hast deserved death.

Muc. Dread sovereign, I must needs confess
I slew this captain in mine own defence:
Not of any malice, but by chance;
But mine accuser hath a farther meaning.

Seg. Words will not here prevail:
I seek for justice, and justice craves his death.

King. Shepherd, thine own confession hath condemned
thee.—

Sirrah, take him away, and do him to execution straight.

Mouse. So he shall, I warrant him.
But do you hear, master king: he is kin to a monkey: his
neck is bigger than his head.

Seg. Come, sirrah, away with him,
And hang him about the middle,

Mouse. Yes, forsooth, I warrant you.—Come on, sirrah:

Ah, so like a sheep-biter he looks !²

Enter AMADINE, and a Boy with a Bear's head.

Am. Dread sovereign, and well-beloved sire !
On bended knee I crave the life of this condemned shepherd, which heretofore preserved the life of thy sometime distressed daughter.

King. Preserved the life of my sometime distressed daughter ?

How can that be ? I never knew the time,
Wherein thou wast distress'd : I never knew the day
But that I have maintained thy estate
As best beseem'd the daughter of a king.
I never saw the shepherd until now ;
How comes it, then, that he preserv'd thy life ?

Am. Once walking with Segasto in the woods,
Farther than our accustom'd manner was,
Right before us, down a steep-fall hill,
A monstrous ugly bear did hie him fast
To meet us both. Now, whether this is true,
I refer it to the credit of Segasto.

Seg. Most true, an 't like your majesty.

King. How, then ?

Am. The bear being eager to obtain his prey,
Made forward to us with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow us both at once ;
The sight whereof did make us both to dread,

² Ah, so like a SHEEP-BITER he looks !] A not uncommon term of abuse. So in *Twelfth Night*, Sir Toby speaks of Malvolio as "a sheep-biter", act ii, sc. 5, p. 43. See also *Measure for Measure*, act v, sc. 1, p. 103.

But specially your daughter, Amadine :
Who, for I saw no succour incident,
But in Segasto's valour, I grew desperate,
And he, most coward-like, began to fly,
Left me distress to be devour'd of him.
How say you, Segasto, is it not true ?

King. His silence verifies it to be true : what then ?

Am. Then I, amaz'd, distressed, all alone,
Did hie me fast to 'scape that ugly bear :
But all in vain ; for why, he reached after me,
And hardly did I oft escape his paws ;
Till at the length this shepherd came,
And brought to me his head.
Come hither, boy : lo, here it is,
Which I present unto your majesty.

[*The Bear's head presented to the KING.*]

King. The slaughter of this bear deserves great fame.

Seg. The slaughter of a man deserves great blame.

King. Indeed, occasion oftentimes so falls out.

Seg. Tremelio in the wars, O, king ! preserved thee.

Am. The shepherd in the woods, O, king ! preserved me.

Seg. Tremelio fought when many men did yield.

Am. So would the shepherd, had he been in field.

Mouse. So would my master, had he not run away.

Seg. Tremelio's force saved thousands from the foe.

Am. The shepherd's force hath saved thousands, me.

Mouse. Aye, sheep-sticks ; nothing else.

King. Segasto, cease to accuse the shepherd ;
His worthiness deserves a recompense :
All we are bound to do the shepherd good.
Shepherd, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst die,

So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

Seg. Thanks to your majesty.

King. But soft, Segasto ; not for this offence.—

Long mayst thou live, and when the Sisters shall decree

To cut in twain the twisted thread of life,

Then let him die : for this, I set him free ;

And for thy valour I will honour thee.

Muc. Thanks to your majesty.

King. Come, daughter : let us now depart,

To honour the worthy valour of the shepherd

With our rewards.

[*Exeunt* KING, Lords, *etc.*]

Mouse. O, master, hear you ? You have made a fresh hand now. You would beslow you :—what will you do now ? You have lost me a good occupation by the means. 'Faith, master, now I cannot hang the shepherd, I pray you let me take the pains to hang you : it is but half an hour's exercise.

Seg. You are still in your knavery. But sith

I cannot have his life, I will procure

His banishment for ever.—Come on, sirrah.

Mouse. Yes, forsooth, I come.—Laugh at him,

I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MUCEDORUS, *solus.*

Muc. From Amadine, and from her father's court,

With gold and silver, and with rich rewards,

Flowing from the banks of golden treasures !

More may I boast and say ; but I

Was never shepherd in such dignity.

Enter the Messenger and the Clown.

Mes. All hail, worthy shepherd !

Mouse. All rain, lousy shepherd !

Muc. Welcome, my friends. From whence come you ?

Mes. The king and Amadine greet thee well ;
And after greeting done, bid thee depart the court.
Shepherd, begone.

Mouse. Shepherd, take law-legs : fly away, shepherd.

Muc. Whose words are these ? Came these from Amadine ?

Mes. Aye : from Amadine.

Mouse. Aye : from Amadine.

Muc. Ah, luckless fortune ! Worse than Phaeton's tale :
My former bliss is now become my bale.

Mouse. What ! wilt thou poison thyself ?

Muc. My former heaven is now become my hell.

Mouse. The worst alehouse that I ever came in, in all
my life.

Muc. What shall I do ?

Mouse. Even go hang thyself half an hour.

Muc. Can Amadine so churlishly command,
To banish the shepherd from her father's court ?

Mes. What should shepherds do in the court ?

Mouse. What should shepherds do amongst us ?
Have we not lords enough on us in the court ?

Muc. Why, shepherds are men, and kings are no more.

Mes. Shepherds are men, and masters over their flock.

Mouse. That's a lie : who pays them their wages, then ?

Mes. Well, you are always interrupting of me ;
But you are best look to him, lest you hang for him,
When he is gone.

[*The Clown sings.*]

[*Exit Messenger.*

And you shall hang for company,
For leaving me alone.³

Shepherd, stand forth and hear my sentence. Shepherd,
begone within three days, on pain of my displeasure.

Shepherd, begone, Shepherd, begone, [*Singing.*
Begone, begone, begone,
Begone, shepherd, begone, begone,
Shepherd, shepherd, shepherd. [*Exit MOUSE.*

Muc. And must I go? and must I needs depart?
Ye goodly groves, partakers of my songs
In time 'tofore when Fortune did not frown,
Pour forth your plaints, and wail awhile with me.
And thou, bright sun, my comfort in the cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leave me comfortless.
Ye wholesome herbs, and sweet-smelling savours,
Yea, each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course, that I,
Wanting your aid, in woful sort may die.

Enter AMADINE and ARIENA, her Maid.

Am. Ariena, if any body ask for me,
Make some excuse, till I return.

Ari. What an Segasto call?

Am. Do thou the like to him: I mean not to stay long.
[*Exit ARIENA.*

Muc. This voice so sweet my pining spirits revives.

Am. Shepherd, well met: tell me how thou dost?

³ For leaving me alone.] No ballad containing these and the other lines is now known. They are printed as text in the old copies.

Muc. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Am. Shepherd, although thy banishment already
Be decreed, and all against my will—yet Amadine——

Muc. Ah, Amadine! to hear of banishment is death.
Aye, double death to me, but since I must depart,
One thing I crave.

Am. Say on with all my heart.

Muc. That in absence, either far or near,
You honour me as servant with your name.

Am. Not so.

Muc. And, why?

Am. I honour thee as sovereign of my heart.

Muc. A shepherd and a sovereign? Nothing like.

Am. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Muc. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Am. Shepherd, it is only Segasto that procures
Thy banishment.

Muc. Unworthy wights are more in jealousy.

Am. Would God they would free thee from banishment,
or likewise banish me!

Muc. Amen, say I, to have your company.

Am. Well, shepherd, sith thou sufferest this for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me live;
On this condition, shepherd,—thou canst love.

Muc. No longer love, no longer let me live.

Am. Of late I loved one, indeed: now, love I none but
only thee.

Muc. Thanks, worthy princess:
I burn likewise, yet smother up the blast.
I dare not promise what I may perform.

Am. Well, shepherd, hark what I shall say.

I will return unto my father's court,
There for to provide me of such necessities
As for my journey I shall think most fit :
This being done, I will return to thee.
Do thou, therefore, appoint the place
Where we may meet.

Muc. Down in the valley where I slew the bear :
And there doth grow a fair broad-branched beech
That overshades a well : so, who comes first
Let them abide the happy meeting of us both.
How like you this ?

Am. I like it very well.

Muc. Now, if you please, you may appoint the time.

Am. Full three hours hence, God willing, I'll return.

Muc. The thanks that Paris gave the Grecian queen,
The like doth Mucedorus yield.

Am. Then, Mucedorus, for three hours, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Muc. Your departure, lady, breeds a privy pain. [*Exit.*]

Enter SEGASTO, solus.

Seg. 'Tis well, Segasto, that thou hast thy will.
Should such a shepherd, such a simple swain as he,
Eclipse thy credit famous through the court ?
No, plie, Segasto, plie : let it not in Aragon be said
A shepherd hath Segasto's honour won.

Enter Mouse, the Clown, calling his Master.

Mouse. What, ho, master ! will you come away ?

Seg. Will you come hither, I pray you : what's the
matter ?

Mouse. Why, it is not past eleven o'clock.

Seg. How then, sir ?

Mouse. I pray you, come away to dinner.

Seg. I pray you, come hither.

Mouse. Here 's such ado with you : will you never come ?

Seg. I pray you, sir, what news of the message I sent you about ?

Mouse. I tell you, all the messes be on the table already : there wants not so much as a mess of mustard half an hour ago.

Seg. Come, sir : your mind is all upon your belly. You have forgotten what I bid you do.

Mouse. 'Faith, I know nothing, but you bade me go to breakfast.

Seg. Was that all ?

Mouse. 'Faith, I have forgotten : the very scent of the meat hath made me forget it quite.

Seg. You have forgotten the errand I bid you to do.

Mouse. What arrant ? an arrant knave, or an arrant whore.

Seg. Why, thou knave, did I not bid thee banish the shepherd ?

Mouse. O ! the shepherd's bastard ?

Seg. I tell thee, the shepherd's banishment.

Mouse. I tell you the shepherd's bastard shall be well kept : I'll look to it myself. But, I pray you, come away to dinner.

Seg. Then, you will not tell me whether you have banished him or no ?

Mouse. Why, I cannot say banishment, an you would give me a thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. Why, you whoreson slave, have you forgotten that I sent you and another to drive away the shepherd?

Mouse. What an ass are you : here's a stir, indeed ! Here's message, errand, banishment, and I cannot tell what.

Seg. I pray you, sir, shall I know whether you have drove him away?

Mouse. 'Faith, I think I have : an you will not believe me, ask my staff.

Seg. Why, can the staff tell?

Mouse. Why, he was with me too.

Seg. Then, happy I, that have obtain'd my will.

Mouse. And happier I, if you would go to dinner.

Seg. Come, sirrah, follow me.

Mouse. I warrant you, I will not lose an inch of you, now you are going to dinner. I promise you, I thought seven year before I could get him away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AMADINE, solus.

Am. God grant my long delay procure no harm,
Nor this my tarrying frustrate my pretence.
My Mucedorus surely stays for me,
And thinks me over long : at length I come
My present promise to perform.
Ah ! what a thing is firm unfeigned love !
What is it which true love dares not attempt ?
My father he may make, but I must match :
Segasto loves, but Amadine must like
Where likes her best : compulsion is a thrall :
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all,
The shepherd's virtue Amadine esteems.

But, what! methinks my shepherd is not come.

I muse at that: the hour is at hand.

Well, here I'll rest till Mucedorus come. [*She sits down.*]

Enter BREMO, looking about, hastily takes hold of her.

Bre. A happy prey! Now, Bremo, feed on flesh.
Dainties, Bremo, dainties, thy hungry paunch to fill!
Now, glut thy greedy guts with lukewarm blood.—
Come! fight with me. I long to see thee dead.

Am. How can she fight that weapons cannot wield?

Bre. What! Canst not fight? then lay thee down and die.

Am. What! must I die?

Bre. What need these words? I thirst to suck thy blood.

Am. Yet pity me, and let me live awhile.

Bre. No pity I, I'll feed upon thy flesh:
I'll tear thy body piece-meal, joint from joint.

Am. Ah! how I want my shepherd's company!

Bre. I'll crush thy bones betwixt two oaken trees.

Am. Haste, shepherd, haste, or else thou com'st too late!

Bre. I'll suck the sweetness from thy marrow-bones.

Am. Ah, spare! ah, spare to shed my guiltless blood.

Bre. With this my bat will I beat out thy brains.
Down, down, I say! prostrate thyself upon the ground.

Am. Then, Mucedorus, farewell: my hoped joys, farewell!
[*She kneels.*]

Yea, farewell life, and welcome present death.

To Thee, O God! I yield my dying ghost.

Bre. Now, Bremo, play thy part.—

How now! what sudden chance is this?

My limbs do tremble, and my sinews shake:

My weaken'd arms⁴ have lost their former force.
 Ah Bremono, Bremono ! what a foil hast thou,
 That yet at no time was afraid
 To dare the greatest gods to fight with thee, [He strikes.
 And now wants strength for one down-driving blow.—
 Ah ! how my courage fails when I should strike.
 Some new-come spirit abiding in my breast
 Saith spare her, which never spared any.
 Shall I spare her, Bremono ? Spare her : do not kill :
 To it, Bremono, to it : 'say again.⁵—
 I cannot wield my weapon in my hand.
 Methinks I should not strike so fair a one :
 I think her beauty hath bewitch'd my force,
 Or else within me alter'd nature's course.
 Ay woman, wilt thou live in woods with me ?
Am. Fain would I live, yet loath to live in woods.
Bre. Thou shalt not choose : it shall be as I say,
 And therefore follow me. [Exeunt.

Enter MUCEDORUS, solus.

Muc. It was my will, an hour ago, and more,
 As was my promise, for to make return,
 But other business hindered my pretence.
 It is a world to see, when man appoints,
 And purposely one certain thing decrees,
 How many things may hinder his intent :
 What one would wish, the same is farthest off.
 But yet th' appointed time cannot be past,
 Nor hath her presence yet prevented me.

⁴ My WEAKEN'D arms] It is *unweakened* in the old copies.

⁵ —'SAY again.] *i. e.*, try, or *essay* again.

Well, here I will stay and expect her coming.

[*A cry within, Hold him : hold him !*

Some one or other is pursued, no doubt :

Perhaps some search for me : 'tis good to doubt the worst ;

Therefore, I'll begone. [*Exit.*

[*Cry again within, Hold him : hold him !*

Enter MOUSE, the Clown, with a pot.

Mouse. Hold him, hold him, hold him ! Here's a stir, indeed : here came hue after the crier, and I was set close at mother Nips' house, and there I called for three pots of ale, as 'tis the manner of us courtiers. Now, sirrah, I had taken the maidenhead of two of them : now, as I was lifting up the third to my mouth, there came *Hold him, hold him !* now, I could not tell whom to catch hold on ; but I am sure I caught one : perchance a' may be in this pot. Well, I'll see : mass, I cannot see him yet. Well, I'll look a little further. Mass, he is a little slave if a' be here ! why, here's nobody. All this goes well yet ; but if the old Trot should come for her pot ? Ay, marry, there's the matter. But I care not : I'll face her out and call her old rusty, dusty, musty, fusty, crusty fire-brand ; and worse than all that ; and so face her out of her pot.—But soft ! Here she comes.

Enter the old Woman.

Old W. Come, you knave ; where's my pot, you knave ?

Mouse. Go look your pot : come not to me for your pot, 'twere good for you.

Old W. Thou liest, thou knave, thou hast my pot.

Mouse. You lie, an you say it. I, your pot ?—I know what I'll say.

Old W. Why, what wilt thou say?

Mouse. But say I have him, an thou darest.

Old W. Why, thou knave, thou hast not only my pot, but my drink unpaid for.

Mouse. You lie like an old —— I will not say whore.

Old W. Dost thou call me whore? I'll cap thee for my pot.

Mouse. Cap me, an thou darest. Search me whether I have it or no.

[She searcheth him, and he drinketh over her head, and casteth down the pot: she stumbleth at it, and they fall together by the ears: she takes up the pot and goes out.]

Enter SEGASTO.

Seg. How now, sirrah! what's the matter?

Mouse. O, flies, master, flies!

Seg. Flies! where are they?

Mouse. Oh! here master, all about your face.

Seg. Why, thou liest: I think thou art mad.

Mouse. Why, master, I have killed a dung-cart full at the least.

Seg. Go to, sirrah. Leaving thy idle talk, give ear unto me.

Mouse. How? Give you one of my ears? Not an you were ten masters.

Seg. Why, sir, I bade you give ear to my words.

Mouse. I tell you, I will not be made a curtal⁵ for no man's pleasure.

⁵ —I will not be made a CURTAL] *i. e.*, a *cropped* horse: curtal was sometimes of old used for a horse, because many were crop-eared. See also *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii, sc. 1, p. 28, where hope is called "a curtail dog".

Seg. I tell thee, attend to what I say. Go thy ways straight, and rear the whole town.

Mouse. How! rear the whole town? Even you go yourself; it is more than I could do. Why, do you think I can rear a town, that can scarce rear a pot of ale to my head? I should rear a town should I not?

Seg. Go to the constable and make a privy search, for the shepherd is run away with the king's daughter.

Mouse. How! Is the shepherd run away with the king's daughter, or is the king's daughter run away with the shepherd?

Seg. I cannot tell; but they are both gone together.

Mouse. What a fool is she to run away with the shepherd. Why, I think I am a little handsomer man than the shepherd myself. But tell me, master, must I make a privy search, or search the privy?

Seg. Why, dost thou think they will be there?

Mouse. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then, search everywhere: leave no place unsearched for them. *[Exit.]*

Mouse. O! now I am in an office: now, I will to that old firebrand's house, and I will not leave one place unsearched. Nay, I'll to the ale-stand, and drink as long as I can stand; and when I have done, I'll let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the barrel. An if I find him not there, I'll to the cupboard. I'll not leave one corner of her house unsearched. I' faith, old crust, I will be with you now. *[Exit.]*

Sound Music. Enter the KING OF VALENCIA, ANSELMO,
RODERIGO, Lord BORACHIUS *with others.*

King V. Enough of music ! it but adds to torment.⁶
Delights to vexed spirits are as dates
Set to a sickly man, which rather cloy than comfort.
Let me entreat you to repeat no more.⁷

Rod. Let your strings sleep : have done there.

[*Let the music cease.*

K. V. Mirth to a soul disturb'd are embers turn'd,
Which sudden gleam with molestation,
But sooner lose their light for 't.
'Tis gold bestow'd upon a rioter,
Which not relieves, but murders him :
'Tis a drug given to the healthful, which
Infects, not cures.
How can a father that hath lost his son,
A prince both wise, virtuous, and valiant,
Take pleasure in the idle acts of time ?
No, no ! till Mucedorus I shall see again,
All joy is comfortless, all pleasure pain.

Ans. Your son, my lord, is well.

K. V. I prithee, speak that twice.

Ans. The prince, your son, is safe.

K. V. O ! where, Anselmo ? surfeit me with that.

Ans. In Aragon, my liege, and at his parture

⁶ —it but adds to torment.] Here a new and a much better style of composition begins ; and what immediately follows may, we think, be assigned to Shakespeare. The scene is not to be found in the edition of 1598.

⁷ —to REPEAT no more.] Here the 4to. 1609 has "*retreat* no more", carelessly misread by the old compositor.

Bound my secrecy,
 By his affection's love, not to disclose it :
 But care of him, and pity of your age,
 Makes my tongue blab what my breast vow'd concealment.

K. V. Thou not deceiv'st me : I ever thought thee
 What I find thee now, an upright loyal man.
 But what desire,

Or young fed humour nurst within the brain,
 Drew him so privately to Aragon ?

Ans. A forcing adamant,
 Love, mix'd with fear and doubtful jealousy,
 Whether report gilded a worthless trunk,
 Or Amadine deserv'd her high extolment.⁸

K. V. See our provision be in readiness :
 Collect us followers of the comliest hue,
 For our chief guardians : we will thither wend.
 The crystal eye of heaven shall not thrice wink,
 Nor the green flood six times his shoulders turn,
 Till we salute the Aragonian king.—
 Music, speak loudly ! now the season's apt,
 For former dolours are in pleasure wrapt.

[*Music. Exeunt omnes.*⁹

Enter MUCEDORUS, to disguise himself.

Muc. Now, Mucedorus, whither wilt thou go ?

⁸ —her high EXTOLMENT.] *Extolment* is a word found, we believe, only in Shakespeare : see *Hamlet*, act v, sc. 2, p. 140.

⁹ *Exeunt omnes.*] Here we suppose the portion contributed by Shakespeare, on some sudden revival of this old play (perhaps at court), terminated. The next speech is certainly not at all in our great dramatist's manner.

Home to thy father, to thy native soil,
Or try some long abode within these woods ?
Well, I will hence depart, and hie me home.
What ! hie me home, said I ? that may not be :
In Amadine rests my felicity.
Then, Mucedorus, do as thou didst decree.
Attire thee hermit-like within these groves :
Walk often to the beech, and view the well ;
Make settles there, and seat thyself thereon,
And when thou feel'st thyself to be a-thirst,
Then drink a hearty draught to Amadine.
No doubt, she thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this well.
Come, habit, thou art fit for me : [*He disguiseth himself.*
No shepherd now ; a hermit must I be.
Methinks, this fits me very well.
Now, must I learn to bear a walking-staff,
And exercise some gravity withal.

Enter the Clown.

Mouse. Here's through the woods, and through the woods,
To look out a shepherd and a stray king's daughter.—
But soft ! who have we here ? what art thou ?

Muc. I am an hermit.

Mouse. An emmet ? I never saw such a big emmet in all
my life before.

Muc. I tell you, sir, I am an hermit : one that leads a
solitary life within these woods.

Mouse. O ! I know thee, now : thou art he that eats up
all the hips and haws : we could not have one piece of fat
bacon for thee all this year.

Muc. Thou dost mistake me. But, I pray, tell me who dost thou seek in these woods ?

Mouse. Who do I seek ? for a stray king's daughter, run away with a shepherd.

Muc. A stray king's daughter run away with a shepherd ! wherefore, canst thou tell ?

Mouse. Yes, that I can : 'tis this. My master and Amadine walking one day abroad, nearer to these woods than they were used (about what I cannot tell), but towards them comes running a great bear : now, my master played the man and ran away ; and Amadine, crying, after him. Now, sir, comes me a shepherd and he strikes off the bear's head. Now, whether the bear were dead before or no, I cannot tell ; for bring twenty bears before me, and bind their hands and feet, and I'll kill them all. Now, ever since, Amadine hath been in love with the shepherd, and, for good will, she's even run away with the shepherd.

Muc. What manner of man was he ? canst thou describe him unto me ?

Mouse. 'Scribe him ? Aye, I warrant you that I can : a' was a little low, broad, tall, narrow, big, well-favoured fellow : a jerkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloth.

Muc. Thou describest him well : but if I chance to see any such, pray, where shall I find you, or what's your name ?

Mouse. My name is called master Mouse.

Muc. O ! Mr. Mouse, I pray you what office might you bear in the court ?

Mouse. Marry, sir, I am a Rusher of the stable.

Muc. O ! Usher of the table.

Mouse. Nay, I say Rusher, and I prove mine office good ; for, look, sir, when any comes from under the sea, or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and strow rushes presently : therefore, I am a Rusher, a high office, I promise ye.

Muc. But where shall I find you in the court ?

Mouse. Why, where it is best being : either in the kitchen a eating, or in the buttery drinking ; but if you come, I will provide for thee a piece of beef and brewis knuckle deep in fat. Pray you, take pains : remember Mr. Mouse. [Exit.

Muc. Ay, sir ; I warrant, I will not forget you.—
Ah, Amadine ! what should become of thee ?
Whither shouldst thou go, so long unknown ?
With watch and ward each passage is beset,
So that she cannot long escape unknown.
Doubtless, she hath lost herself within these woods,
And wandering to and fro she seeks the well,
Which yet she cannot find : therefore, will I seek her out.
[Exit.

Enter BREMO and AMADINE.

Bre. Amadine, how like you Brema and his woods ?

Am. As like the woods of Brema's cruelty.
Though I were dumb, and could not answer him,
The beasts themselves would with relenting tears
Bewail thy savage and inhuman deeds.

Bre. My love, why dost thou murmur to thyself ?
Speak louder, for thy Brema hears thee not.

Am. My Brema ? No, the shepherd is my love.

Bre. Have I not saved thee from sudden death,

Giving thee leave to live that thou mightst love,
And dost thou whet me on to cruelty ?

Come, kiss me, sweet, for all my favours past.

Am. I may not, Bremono ; and therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how she flings away from me !

I will follow and give attend to her.

Deny my love, a worm of beauty :

I will chastise thee. Come, come, prepare thy head
Upon the block.

Am. O ! spare me, Bremono : love should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himself.

If thou wilt glut thy loving heart with blood,

Encounter with the lion, or the bear,

And, like a wolf, prey not upon a lamb.

Bre. Why, then, dost thou repine at me ?

If thou wilt love me, thou shalt be my queen.

I will crown thee with a chaplet¹ made of ivory,

And make the rose and lily wait on thee.

I'll rend the burly branches of the oak

To shadow thee from burning of the sun :

The trees shall spread themselves where thou dost go,

And as they spread, I'll trace along with thee.

Am. You may, for who but you.

Bre. Thou shalt be fed with quails and partridges,
With blackbirds, larks, thrushes, and nightingales.

Thy drink shall be goats' milk, and crystal water

Distilled from the fountains and the clearest springs ;

And all the dainties that the woods afford,

I'll freely give thee to obtain thy love.

¹ —with a CHAPLET] It is "with a *complet*" in the old copies.

Am. You may, for who but you.

Bre. The day I'll spend to recreate my love
With all the pleasure that I can devise;
And in the night I'll be thy bedfellow,
And lovingly embrace thee in mine arms.

Am. One may, so may not you.

Bre. The Satyrs and the wood-nymphs shall attend on
thee,
And lull thee asleep with music's sound,
And in the morning, when thou dost awake,
The lark shall sing good-morrow to my queen;
And whilst he sings I'll kiss my Amadine.

Am. You may, for who but you.

Bre. When thou art up, the wood-lanes shall be strewed
With violets, cowslips, and sweet marygolds,
For thee to trample and to trace upon;
And I will teach thee how to kill the deer,
To chase the hart, and how to rouse the roe,
If thou wilt live to love and honour me.

Am. You may, for who but you.

Enter MUCEDORUS.

Bre. Welcome, sir: an hour ago I look'd for such a guest.
Be merry, wench: we'll have a frolic feast.
Here's flesh enough for to suffice us both.—
Say, sirrah, wilt thou fight, or doest thou mean to die?

Muc. I want a weapon: how can I fight?

Bre. Thou want'st a weapon, why then thou yield'st
to die.

Muc. I say not so: I do not yield to die.

Bre. Thou shalt not choose: I long to see thee dead.

Am. Yet spare him, Brema ! spare him !

Muc. Yet give me leave to speak.

Bre. Thou shalt not speak.

Am. Yet give him leave to speak for my sake.

Bre. Speak on ; but be not over long.

Muc. In time of yore, when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their lives in lothsome cells and woods,
And wholly gave themselves to witless will,
A rude unruly rout, then man to man became
A present prey : then, might prevailed ;
The weakest went to wall :
Right was unknown, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus lived in their great outrage,
Behold one Orpheus came, as poets tell,
And them from rudeness unto reason brought :
Who led by reason, some forsook the woods ;
Instead of caves, they built them castles strong :
Cities and towns were founded by them, then.
Glad were they, they found such ease,
And in the end they grew to perfect amity.
Weighing their former wickedness,
They term'd the time wherein they lived then,
A golden age, a goodly golden age.
Now, Brema (for so I hear thee call'd),
If men which liv'd 'tofore, as thou dost now,
Wild in wood, addicted all to spoil,
Returned were by worthy Orpheus' means,
Let me, like Orpheus, cause thee to return
From murder, bloodshed, and like cruelty.
What ! should we fight before we have a cause ?
No : let 's live and love together faithfully.

I'll fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die : or fight, or else thou diest.

Am. Hold, Bremono ! hold !

Bre. Away, I say : thou troublest me.

Am. You promised me to make me your queen.

Bre. I did ; I mean no less.

Am. You promised that I should have my will.

Bre. I did ; I mean no less.

Am. Then, save this hermit's life, for he may save us both.

Bre. At thy request I'll spare him, but never any after him.—

Say, hermit, what canst thou do ?

Muc. I'll wait on thee, sometime upon thy queen :
Such service shalt thou shortly have as Bremono never had.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SEGASTO, the Clown and ROMBOLO.

Seg. Come, sirs : what ! shall I never have you find out Amadine and the shepherd ?

Mouse. And I have been through the woods, and through the woods, and could see nothing but an emmet.

Rom. Why, I see a thousand emmets : thou meanest a little one.

Mouse. Nay, that emmet that I saw was bigger than thou art.

Rom. Bigger than I ! What a fool have you to your man ! I pray you, master, turn him away.

Seg. But dost thou hear ? was he not a man ?

Mouse. Think he was ; for he said he did lead a salt-seller's life about the woods.

Seg. Thou wouldst say a solitary life about the woods.

Mouse. I think it was so, indeed.

Rom. I thought what a fool thou art.

Mouse. Thou art a wise man. Why, he did nothing but sleep since he went.

Seg. But, tell me, Mouse : how did he go ?

Mouse. In a white gown, and a white hat on his head, and a staff in his hand.

Seg. I thought so : it was a hermit that walked a solitary life in the woods. Well, get you to dinner ; and after, never leave seeking till you bring some news of them, or I'll hang you both. [Exit.

Mouse. How now, Rombolo ? What shall we do now ?

Rom. 'Faith, I'll home to dinner, and afterwards to sleep.

Mouse. Why, then, thou wilt be hanged.

Rom. 'Faith, I care not, for I know I shall never find them. Well, I'll once more abroad, and if I cannot find them, I'll never come home again.

Mouse. I tell thee what, Rombolo ; thou shalt go in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will meet both together in the midst.

Rom. Content : let's away to dinner. [Exeunt.

Enter MUCEDORUS, solus.

Muc. Unknown to any here within these woods,
With bloody Bremono do I lead my life.
The monster, he doth murder all he meets ;
He spareth none, and none doth him escape.
Who would continue, who but only I,
In such a cruel cut-throat's company ?
Yet Amadine is there : how can I choose ?
A silly soul, how oftentimes she sits,

And sighs and calls, *Come, shepherd, come ;*
Sweet Mucedorus, come and set me free,
When Mucedorus (peasant) stands her by.
But here she comes.—What news, fair lady,
As you walk in these woods ?

Enter AMADINE.

Am. Ah, hermit ! none but bad ;
And such as thou knowest.

Muc. How do you like your Bremono, and his woods ?

Am. Not my Bremono, nor his Bremono woods.

Muc. And why not yours ? Methinks he loves you well.

Am. I like not him : his love to me is nothing worth.

Muc. Lady, in this methinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that ever loves you best.

Am. Ah, hermit ! I take no pleasure in his love ;
Neither doth Bremono like me best.

Muc. Pardon my boldness, fair lady, sith we both
May safely talk now, out of Bremono's sight.
Unfold to me, so if you please, the full discourse
How, when, and why you came into these woods,
And fell into this bloody butcher's hands ?

Am. Hermit, I will. Of late a worthy shepherd I did
love.

Muc. A shepherd, lady ?
Sure a man unfit to match with you.

Am. Hermit, this is true : and when we had——

Muc. Stay there ! the wild man comes !
Refer the rest until another time.

Enter BREMO.

Bre. What secret tale is this? What whispering have we here?

Villain, I charge thee, tell thy tale again.

Muc. If needs I must, lo! here it is again.
Whenas we both had lost the sight of thee,
It griev'd us both, but specially thy queen,
Who in thy absence ever fears the worst,
Lest some mischance befall your royal grace.
Shall my sweet Bremo wander through the woods,
Toil to and fro for to redress my want,
Hazard his life, and all to cherish me?
I like not this, quoth she;
And thereupon craved to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well?
My answer was, I had small skill therein,
But gladsome (mighty king) to learn of thee.
And this was all.

Bre. Was 't so? none can dislike of this.
I'll teach you both to fight; but first, my queen, begin.
Here, take this weapon: see how thou canst use it.

Am. This is too big: I cannot wield it in my arm.

Bre. Is 't so: we'll have a knotty crab-tree staff for thee.
But, sirrah, tell me, what say'st thou?

Muc. With all my heart I willing am to learn.

Bre. Then take my staff, and see how thou canst wield it.

Muc. First teach me how to hold it my hand.

[*Taking the staff.*]

Bre. Thou hold'st it well. [*To AMADINE.*] Look how he doth,
Thou mayst the sooner learn.

Muc. Next, tell me how, and when 'tis best to strike.

Bre. 'Tis best to strike when time doth serve :

'Tis best to lose no time.

Muc. Then, now or never is my time to strike.

Bre. And when thou strik'st be sure to hit the head.

Muc. The head ?

Bre. The very head.

Muc. Then, have at thine. [*He strikes BREMO dead.*

So, lie there and die, a death, no doubt, according to desert,
Or else a worse, as thou deserv'st a worse.

Am. It glads my heart this tyrant's death to see.

Muc. Now, lady, it remains in you
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight.
You said, you lov'd a shepherd.

Am. Aye, so I do, and none but only him ;
And will do still, as long as life shall last.

Muc. But tell me, lady, sith I set you free,
What course of life do you intend to take ?

Am. I will disguised wander through the world,
Till I have found him out.

Muc. How if you find your shepherd in these woods ?

Am. Ah ! none so happy, then, as Amadine.

Muc. In tract of time a man may alter much.
Say, lady, do you know your shepherd well ?

[*He discloseth himself.*²

Am. My Mucedorus ! hath he set me free ?

Muc. He hath set thee free.

Am. And liv'd so long unknown to Amadine ?

² He DISCLOSETH himself.] Absurdly misprinted "he *disguiseth* himself" in all the old copies.

Muc. Aye, that's a question whereof you may not be resolv'd.

You know that I am banish'd from the court :
I know, likewise, each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape unknown :
Therefore, my will is this—that we return
Right through the thickets to the wild man's cave,
And there a while live on his provision,
Until the search and narrow watch be past :
This is my counsel, and I think it best.

Am. I think the very same.

Muc. Come ; let's begone.

[The Clown enters and falls over the wild man, and so carries him away.]

Mouse. Nay, soft sir ! are you here ? a bots on you ! I was like to be hanged for not finding you. We would borrow a certain stray king's daughter of you : a wench, a wench, sir, we would have.

Muc. A wench of me ? I'll make thee eat my sword.

Mouse. O, Lord ! Nay, an you are so lusty, I'll call a cooling-card for you.—Ho ! master, come away quickly.

Enter SEGASTO.

Seg. What's the matter ?

Mouse. Look, master ! Amadine and the shepherd. O, brave !

Seg. What, minion, have I found you out ?

Mouse. Nay, that's a lie ; I found her out myself.

Seg. Thou gadding housewife ! What cause hadst thou to gad abroad,
When that thou know'st our wedding-day so nigh ?

Am. Not so, Segasto ; no such thing in hand :
Show your assurance ; then I'll answer you.

Seg. Thy father's promise my assurance is.

Am. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.

Seg. It rests in thee for to perform the same.

Am. Not I.

Seg. And why ?

Am. So is my will, and therefore even so.

Mouse. Master, *with a nony, nony, no.*³

Seg. Ah, wicked villain ! art thou here ?

Muc. What need these words ? we weigh them not.

Seg. We weigh them not, proud shepherd. I scorn thy company.

Mouse. We'll not have a corner of thy company.

Muc. I scorn not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

Mouse. That's a lie : 'a would have killed me with his pugs-nardo.

Seg. This stoutness, Amadine, contents me not,

Am. Then seek another that may you better please.

Muc. Well, Amadine, it only rests in thee
Without delay to make thy choice of three.

There stands Segasto : here a shepherd stands :

There stands the third. Now make thy choice.

Mouse. A lord, at the least, I am.

Am. My choice is made, for I will none but thee.

Seg. A worthy mate (no doubt) for such a wife.

Muc. And, Amadine, why wilt thou none but me ?
I cannot keep thee as thy father did :

³ —with a NONY, NONY, no.] Perhaps the burden of the same old ballad as in *Hamlet*, act iv, sc. 5, p. 113 : see also *King Lear*, act iii, sc. 4, p. 71. In the old copies it stands "with a none, none, no."

I have no lands for to maintain thy state :
Moreover, if thou mean to be my wife,
Commonly this must be thy use :
To bed at midnight, up at four,
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our daily victual for to win ;
And last of all, which is the worst of all,
No princess then, but plain a shepherd's wife.

Mouse. Then God gi' you good-morrow, goody shepherd.

Am. It shall not need ; if Amadine do live,
Thou shalt be crowned King of Aragon.

Mouse. O, master, laugh ! when he's king, then I'll be a
queen.

Muc. Then know that, which ne'er 'tofore was known ;
I am no shepherd, no Aragonian I,
But born of royal blood : my father's of Valencia king,
My mother, queen : who for thy sacred sake
Took this hard task in hand.

Am. Ah, how I joy my fortune is so good !

Seg. Well, now I see Segasto shall not speed ;
But, Mucedorus, I as much do joy
To see thee here within our Court of Aragon,
As if a kingdom had befallen me this time.
I with my heart surrender her to thee,
And, look, what right to Amadine I have.

[*He giveth her unto him.*]

Mouse. What barn's door, and born where my father was
constable ! A bots on thee ! how dost thou ?

Muc. Thanks, good Segasto ; but yet you levelled at the
crown.

Mouse. Master, bear this and bear all.

Seg. Why so, sir ?

Mouse. He sees you take a goose by the crown.

Seg. Go to, sir. Away ! post to the king,
Whose heart is fraught with careful doubts ;
Glad him up, and tell him these good news,
And we will follow as fast as we may.

Mouse. I go, master : I run, master.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING and COLLIN.

King. Break, heart, and end my paled woes !
My Amadine, the comfort of my life,
How can I joy, except she were in sight ?
Her absence breedeth sorrow to my soul,
And with a thunder¹ breaks my heart in twain.

Col. Forbear those passions, gentle king,
And you shall see 'twill turn unto the best,
And bring your soul to quiet and to joy.

King. Such joy as death, I do assure me that,
And naught but death unless of her I hear,
And that with speed. I cannot sigh thus long.
But what a tumult do I hear within !

[*They cry " Joy and Happiness !"*

Col. I hear a noise of overpassing joy
Within the Court. My lord, be of good comfort.
And here comes one in haste.

Enter the Clown, running.

Mouse. A king, a king, a king !

Col. Why how now, sirrah ! what 's the matter ?

¹ With a THUNDER] Obviously corrupt : might we not read " And when *asunder*."

Mouse. O! 'tis news for a king; 'tis worth money.

King. Why, sirrah, thou shalt have silver and gold, if it be good.

Mouse. O! 'tis good, 'tis good! Amadine—

King. O! what of her? Tell me and I will make thee a knight.

Mouse. How? a sprite! No, by Lady, I will not be a sprite, masters. Get ye away: if I be a sprite I shall be so lean I shall make you all afraid.

Col. Thou sot, the king means to make thee a gentleman.

Mouse. Why, I shall want apparel.

King. Thou shalt want for nothing.

Mouse. Then stand away: trick up² thyself; here they come.

Enter SEGASTO, MUCEDORUS, and AMADINE.

Am. My gracious father, pardon thy disloyal daughter.

King. What! do mine eyes behold my daughter?

Amadine! Rise up, dear daughter,
And let these my embracing arms show some
Token of thy father's joy, which ever since
Thy departure hath languished in sorrow.

Am. Dear father,

Never were your sorrows greater than my griefs;
Never you so desolate as I comfortless:
Yet, nevertheless, acknowledging myself
To be the cause of both, on bended knee
I humbly crave your pardon.

[*Kneeling.*

King. I'll pardon thee, dear daughter; but as for him—

² —TRICK up] It is "strike up" in the old impressions, and it may possibly refer to music on the joyful occasion.

Am. Ah, father! what of him?

King. As sure as I am king, and wear the crown,
I will revenge on that accursed wretch.

Muc. Yet, worthy prince, work not thy will in wrath :
Show favour.

King. Ay, such favour as thou deservest.

Muc. I do deserve—the daughter of a king.

King. O impudent! A shepherd and so insolent?

Muc. No shepherd I, but am a worthy prince.

King. In fair conceit, not princely born.

Muc. Yes, princely born: my father is a king,
My mother queen, and of Valencia both.

[Throwing off his disguise.]

King. What! Mucedorus? Welome to our court.
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguised?

Muc. No cause to fear: I caused no offence,
But this, desiring thy daughter's virtues for to see,
Disguis'd myself from out my father's court.
Unknown to any, in secret I did rest,
And passed many troubles near to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker been,
As you shall know hereafter more at large,
Desiring you, you will give her to me,
Even as mine own, and sovereign of my life:
Then shall I think my travels are well spent.

King. With all my heart; but this:
Segasto claims my promise made 'tofore,
That he should have as his only wife,
Before my council, when we came from war.—
Segasto, may I crave thee let it pass,
And give Amadine as wife to Mucedorus?

Seg. With all my heart, were it a far greater thing ;
And what I may to furnish up their rites
With pleasant sports and pastimes you shall see.

King. Thanks, good Segasto : I will think of this.

Muc. Thanks, good my lord, and while I live,
Account of me in what I can, or may.

Am. And, good Segasto, these great courtesies
Shall not be forgot.

Mouse. Why, hark you master. Bones ! what have you
done ? What ! given away the wench you made me take
such pains for ? You are wise, indeed ! Mass ! and I had
known that, I would have had her myself. 'Faith, master,
now we may go to breakfast with a woodcock pie.

Seg. Go, sir. You were best leave this knavery.

King. Come on, my lords : let's now to court,
Where we may finish up the joyfullest day
That ever happ'd to a distressed king ;²
Were but thy father, the Valencia lord,
Present in view of this combining knot. [*A shout within.*

Enter a Messenger.

What shout was that ?

Mess. My lord, the great Valencia king,
Newly arriv'd, entreats your presence.

Muc. My father !

King. Prepared welcomes give him entertainment !
A happier planet never reign'd than that
Which governs at this hour. [*Sound.*

² That ever happ'd to a distressed king,] Here the old drama ends
in the edition of 1598.

Enter the KING OF VALENCIA, ANSELMO, RODERIGO, BORACHIUS, with others. The KING runs and embraces his son.

King Va. Rise, honour of my age, food to my rest!—
Condemn not, mighty king of Aragon,
My rude behaviour, so compell'd by nature,
That manners stood unacknowledged.

King Ar. What we have to recite would tedious prove
By declaration : therefore, in and feast.
To-morrow the performance shall explain
What words conceal : till then, drums speak, bells ring !
Give pleasant welcome to our brother king !
[*Sound drums and trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter COMEDY, and ENVY.³

Com. How now, Envy ? What ! blushest thou already ?
Peep forth : hide not thy head with shame,
But with a courage praise a woman's deeds.
Thy threats were vain : thou couldst do me no hurt,
Although thou seem'st to cross me with despite,
I overwhelm'd and turned upside down thy blocks,
And made thyself to stumble at the same.

Env. Though stumbled, yet not overthrown.
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildness,
Yet must I needs confess thou hast done well,
And play'd thy part with mirth and pleasant glee.

³ This supplement to the performance, obviously not by Shakespeare, and personally directed against some poet of the day and the Children of the Revels, must have been added to the performance after James I. had ascended the throne : we give it from the edition of 1609, the earliest known that contains it.

Say all this, yet can'st thou not conquer me ;
 Although this time thou hast got,
 Yet not the conquest neither :
 A double revenge another time I'll have.

Com. Envy, spit thy gall :
 Plot, work, contrive, create new fallacies :
 Teem from thy womb each minute a black traitor,
 Whose blood and thoughts have twin's conception :
 Study to act deeds yet unchronicled,
 Cast native monsters in the moulds of men,
 Case vicious devils under sancted rochets,
 Unclasp the wicket where all perjureds roost,
 And swarm this ball with treasons : do thy worst,
 Thou canst not, hell-hound, cross my star to-night,
 Nor blind that glory where I wish delight.

Env. I can, I will.

Com. Nefarious hag, begin,
 And let us tug, till one the mastery win.

Env. Comedy, thou art a shallow goose :
 I'll overthrow thee in thine own intent,
 And make thy fall my comic merriment.

Com. Thy policy wants gravity : thou art too weak ;
 Speak, fiend, as how ?

Env. Why thus.
 From my foul study will I hoist a wretch,
 A lean and hungry, meagre cannibal,⁴
 Whose jaws swell to his eyes with chawing malice,

⁴ —MEAGRE cannibal,] Printed "*neager* canibal" in the old editions —a mere mistake of *n* for *m*. We cannot explain the evident personal allusion ; but the "theatre" must have been the Globe, for which Shakespeare was the chief dramatist : see the next page.

And him I'll make a poet.

Com. What's that to the purpose?

Env. This scrambling raven, with his needy beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy,
Wherein shall be compos'd dark sentences,
Pleasing to factious brains :
And every otherwhere place me a jest,
Whose high abuse shall more torment than blows :
Then, I myself, quicker than lightning,
Will fly me to a puissant magistrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his back,
In midst of jollity rehearse those galls
(With some additions) so lately vented in your theatre.
He upon this cannot but make complaint,
To your great danger, or at least restraint.

Com. Ha, ha, ha ! I laugh to hear thy folly.
This is a trap for boys, not men, nor such
Especially desertful in their doings,
Whose staid discretion rules their purposes.
I, and my faction, do eschew those vices.—
But see, oh, see ! the weary sun for rest
Hath lain his golden compass in the West,
Where he perpetual bide, and ever shine
As David's offspring in this happy clime.
Stoop, Envy, stoop : bow to the earth with me,
Let's beg our pardons on our bended knee. [*They kneel.*

Env. My power has lost her might : Envy's date's
expir'd.
Yond' splendant majesty hath fell'd my sting,⁵

⁵ —hath FELL'D my sting] *i.e.*, *refell'd* my sting : we have had the

And I amazed am ! [*Fall down and quake.*

Com. Glorious and wise arch-Cæsar on this earth,
At whose appearance Envy's stricken dumb,
And all bad things cease operation,
Vouchsafe to pardon our unwilling error,
So late presented to your gracious view,
And we'll endeavour, with excess of pain,
To please your senses in a choicer strain.—
Thus we commit you to the arms of night,
Whose spangled carkass⁶ would for your delight
Strive to excel the day : be blessed, then !
Who other wishes, let him never speak.

Env. Amen !

To fame and honour we commend your rest :
Live still more happy, every hour more blest ! [*Finis.*

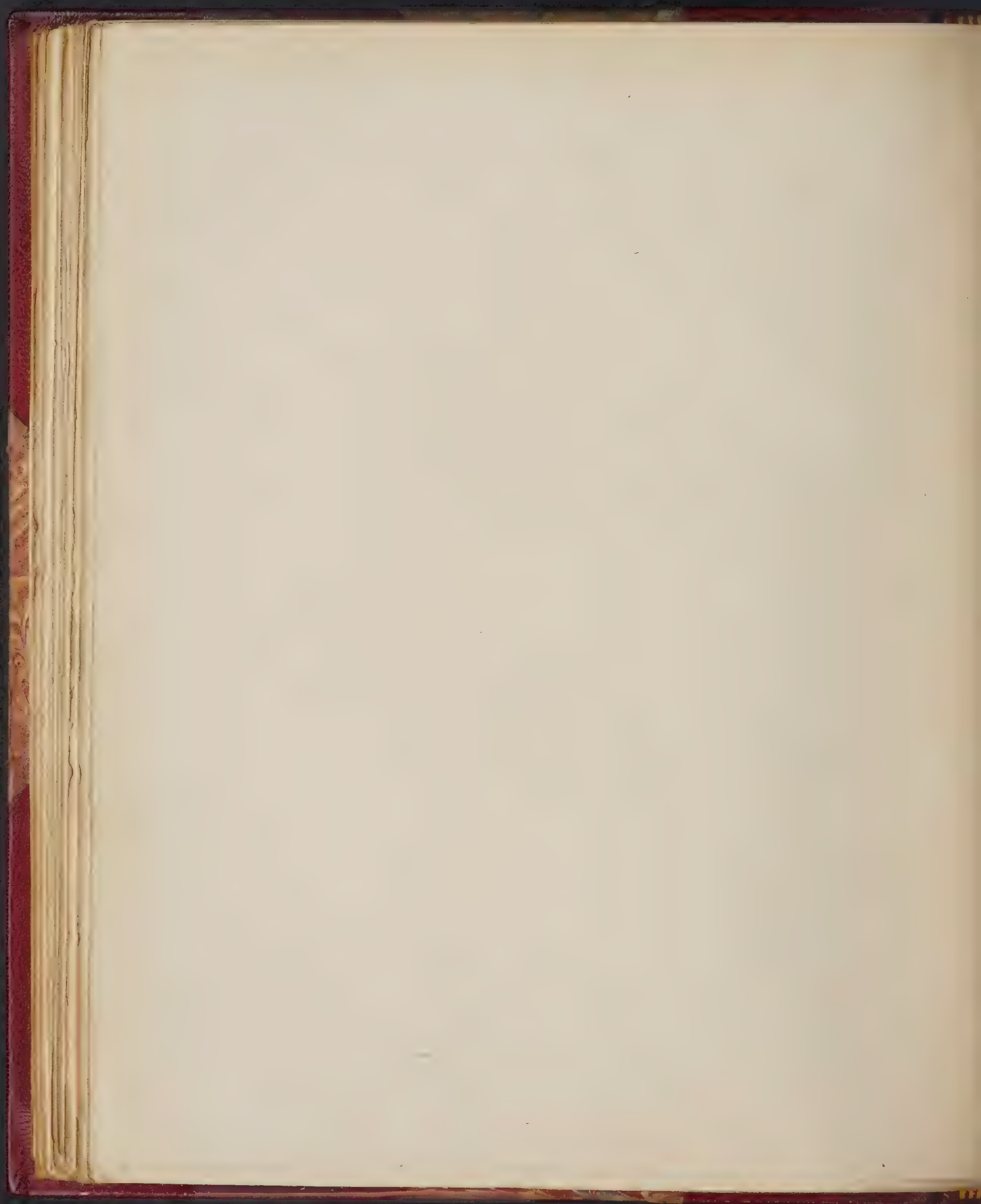
word used in the sense of *repell'd* in *Measure for Measure*, act v, sc. 1, p. 93 : it was by no means unusual.

⁶ Whose spangled CARKASS] Possibly, a misprint for *darkness*. We are unable to give any explanation regarding the "unwilling error", which had recently given offence to his Majesty.

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Venus and Adonis*, under that title, was first printed by the poet's friend and townsman, Richard Field, in 1593, sm. 4to. (the exact size of the present impression), three years before any of Shakespeare's Plays came from the press : it was reprinted in 1594, 1595, 1596, 1599, and 1600—the last, as well as subsequent impressions in 1602, 1617, 1620, etc., in sm. 8vo. The title-page always bore the following motto :—

*Vilia miretur vulgus ; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden : only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content ; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase ;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn :
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began,)
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are ;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know :
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And, being set, I'll smother thee with kisses :

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens ; O, how quick is love !
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove :
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks ;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :

He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss ;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content,¹ but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face ;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace ;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale ;
Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

¹ Forc'd to CONTENT,] *i. e.*, Forc'd to be content, or compell'd to acquiescence : possibly, the poet's word was *consent*.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
So offers he to give what she did crave,
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get :
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
O, pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy !
'Tis but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

I have been woo'd as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar ;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;

Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain :
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.

O ! be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red ;
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground ? hold up thy head :
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies ;
Then, why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes ?

Art thou asham'd to kiss ? then, wink again,
And I will wink ; so shall the day seem night :
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe, yet mayst thou well be tasted.
Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted :
Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for
thee ;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;
Mine eyes are gray and bright, and quick in turning ;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning :
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen :
Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me ;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me :
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee ?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?

Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use ;
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty ;
Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, 'tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy sprite,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, Fie ! no more of love :
The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.

Ah me ! (quoth Venus), young, and so unkind ?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone !
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun :
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And lo ! I lie between that sun and thee :
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me ;
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel ?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ;
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love ? how want of love tormenteth ?
O ! had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this ?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?
Speak fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute :
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie ! lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred :

Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong :
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause ;
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand ;
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band :
She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest, and from rain :
Then, be my deer, since I am such a park ;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
Love made those hollows ; if himself were slain
He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing ;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
Pity ! she cries, some favour, some remorse !
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo ! from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder :

The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end ;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo ! thus my strength is tried ;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say* ?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur,
For rich caparison, or trapping gay ?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed ;
So did his horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, the fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :

Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather :
To bid the wind a base² he now prepares,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether ;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind :
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind ;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him,
When lo ! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,

² To bid the wind a BASE—] *i. e.*, to challenge the wind to a contest of speed, as at the game of prison-base.

Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast :³
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick love by pleading may be blest ;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
So of concealed sorrow may be said,
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O ! what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy ;

³ BANNING his boisterous and unruly beast :] "Banning" is, of course, *cursing*, as in *Henry VI*, Pt. II, act ii, sc. 4, p. 44. Milton uses the substantive *ban*, a curse.

To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy :
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them !
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.⁴

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe :
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
O fairest mover on this mortal round,

⁴ With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.] In this couplet we have an obvious allusion to the dumb shows, and choruses, of our older stage.

Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it ?—
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it ;
O ! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :
Then, love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame ! he cries, let go, and let me go ;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so :
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies : Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire :
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;
Therefore, no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein ;
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight ?

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy ;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee :
O ! learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, quoth he, nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it :
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :
The colt that 's back'd and burden'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart :
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate :

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery,
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canst thou talk? quoth she, hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong!
I had my load before, now 'press'd with bearing:
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
 Ear's deep sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;⁵
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
 Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
 For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
 Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

But O! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four:
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid suspicion double-lock the door,
 Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?

⁵ —and INVISIBLE ;] Possibly, *invincible* is the true word.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey-passage yield ;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws⁶ to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth ;
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth ;
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her, ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :
A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;
But blessed bankrupt that by love so thriveth !
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,

⁶ GUSTS and foul FLAWS—] A "gust" and a "flaw" seem to have been nearly synonymous : see *Hamlet*, act v, sc. 1, p. 132.

He chafes her lips ; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd :
 He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth :⁷
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine ;
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon in water, seen by night.

O ! where am I ? quoth she, in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
Do I delight to die, or life desire ?
 But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy ;
 But now I died, and death was lively joy.

O ! thou didst kill me : kill me once again :
Thy eye's shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,

⁷ —and all the EARTH relieveth :] So the edition of 1593, which was corrupted to *world* in the copy of 1594, and has so been handed down in modern editions.

Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure !
O ! never let their crimson liveries wear ;
And as they last, their verdure⁸ still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year !
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing ;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years :
Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

⁸ —THEIR verdure] Possibly, we ought to read "*the* verdure".

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west :
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late ;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say *Good night* ; and so say you ;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good night, quoth she ; and, ere he says *Adieu*,
The honey-fee of parting tender'd is :
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought :
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth ;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;

Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.⁹

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
 Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
 Or like the forward infant still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
 And yields at last to every light impression?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O! had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

- For pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,

⁹ —and honour's WRACK.] The almost invariable mode of spelling *wreck* of old, and here, of course, necessary to be preserved on account of the rhyme.

The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar! quoth she, whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek: she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium,¹ and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing:

¹ To CLIP Elysium,] *i.e.*, to embrace Elysium.

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee ;
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
Fie, fie ! he says, you crush me ; let me go :
You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd ! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret ;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter ;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;
Being ireful on the lion he will venture :
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part ; through whom he rushes.

Alas ! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;

But having thee at 'vantage (wondrous dread !)²
Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.

O ! let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :
Come not within his danger by thy will ;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face ? Was it not white ?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?
Grew I not faint ? and fell I not downright ?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel ;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *Kill, kill !*
Distempering gentle love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That, if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

² —wondrous DREAD !] Possibly, *deed*, misheard.

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th' imagination ?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination :
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me ;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :
The many musets through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell ;
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;

And sometime sorteth³ with a herd of deer.
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

For there his smell, with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
Then do they spend their mouths : echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way :
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
For misery is trodden on by many,
And, being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralise,
Applying this to that, and so to so ;
For love can comment upon every woe.

³ And sometimes SORTETH] *i. e.*, *consorteth* or *accompanies* ; from *sort*. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i, sc. 1, p. 12.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he :
 Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
 The night is spent. Why, what of that ? quoth she ;
 I am, quoth he, expected of my friends ;
 And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.
 In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O ! then imagine this,
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
 Rich preys make true men thieves ; so do thy lips
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason :
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
 Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine ;
 Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature ;
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature ;
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of mad mischances, and much misery ;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood ;⁴

⁴ —and frenzies WOOD,] “Wood”, *i.e.*, mad : see *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act ii, sc. 3, p. 26, etc.

The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
 Sweet nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
 As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
 Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that 's put to use more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme :
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there ;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove ?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase : O strange excuse !
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name ;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;

Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain ;
But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done :
 Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies ;
 Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :⁵
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawn runs apace ;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye ;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend :
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

⁵ —my heart of TEEN :] "Teen", *i.e.*, *sorrow*, as not unfrequently before.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans :
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.
Ah me ! she cries, and twenty times, woe, woe !
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty ;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote ;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport :
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites ;
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits ?⁶

⁶ —fantastic WITS ?] Very possibly, "fantastic *wights*".

She says, '*Tis so* : they answer all, '*Tis so* ;
And would say after her, if she said *No*.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow.
O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn ;
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn :
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.⁷

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay.
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace ;
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

⁷ —she COASTETH to the cry.] *i. e.*, perhaps, *approaches*, as it were *side-long*, the cry ; but see *Troilus and Cressida*, act v, sc. 4, p. 95.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay ;
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder :
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud ;
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
 With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasy,
 Till cheering up her senses all dismay'd,⁸
 She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error that they are afraid :
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more :
 And with that word she spied the hunted boar ;

⁸. —her senses ALL dismay'd,] So the edition of 1593, which Malone calls "our author's own edition", confirmed by that of 1594 : nevertheless he, and other editors, arbitrarily print "*sore* dismay'd".

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
She treads the path that she untreads again :
Her more than haste is mated with delays,⁹
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;
 Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice ;
Another and another answer him,
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

⁹ —is MATED with delays,] *i. e.*, is *confounded* with delays. See *Comedy of Errors*, act iii, sc. 2, p. 34, etc.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love (thus chides she death),
Grim grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean,
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

If he be dead,—O no ! it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it.
O yes ! it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping ?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eye-lids,¹ who, like sluices, stopped
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped ;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief ;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best ; then, join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this far off she hears some huntsman hollow ;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel ;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

¹ She VAIL'D her eye-lids,] *i. e.*, she *lowered* her eye-lids.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love ! how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous :
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame :
It was not she that call'd him all to nought ;
Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;
 She clepes him² king of graves, and grave for kings,
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet Death, I did but jest ;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;
 Then, gentle shadow (truth I must confess),
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue ;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander ;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.

² She CLEPES him] She *calls* him : see *Hamlet*, act i, sc. 4, p. 26.

Grief hath two tongues ; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate ;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove ! quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind.
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind ;
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love ! thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves :
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies :
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight :
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,

And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long-after fearing to creep forth again :
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head :

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain ;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again ;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily-white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :³
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :

³ —WAS drench'd :] Here we necessarily follow the copy of 1600 :
all the earlier impressions read "*had* drench'd".

Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be :
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead !
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire !
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?
Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim ;
But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear ;
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
Haying no fair to lose, you need not fear ;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd, like two thieves, to rob him of his fair :

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep ;

The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks : then, would Adonis weep,
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him ;⁴
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him ;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills :
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries :
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim and urchin-snouted boar,⁵
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;
Witness the entertainment that he gave :
If he did see his face, why then, I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true : thus was Adonis slain :
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,

⁴ —because he would not FEAR him ;] *i.e.*, alarm or frighten him : this use of the verb "to fear" was common.

⁵ —URCHIN-snouted boar ;] An "urchin" we now call hedgehog.

Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first :
But he is dead ; and never did he bless
My youth with his, the more am I accurst !
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told :
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies :

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect :
 Wonder of time ! quoth she, this is my spite,
 That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
 Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
 With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile :
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
 The staring ruffian⁶ shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures :
 It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;
 It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,
 And most deceiving, when it seems most just ;
 Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward ;
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
 And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ;
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire :
 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

By this the boy, that by her side lay kill'd,
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight ;

⁶ The STARING ruffian] Possibly, "*roaring* ruffian", "*staring*" having been caught from "*sparing*", two lines above.

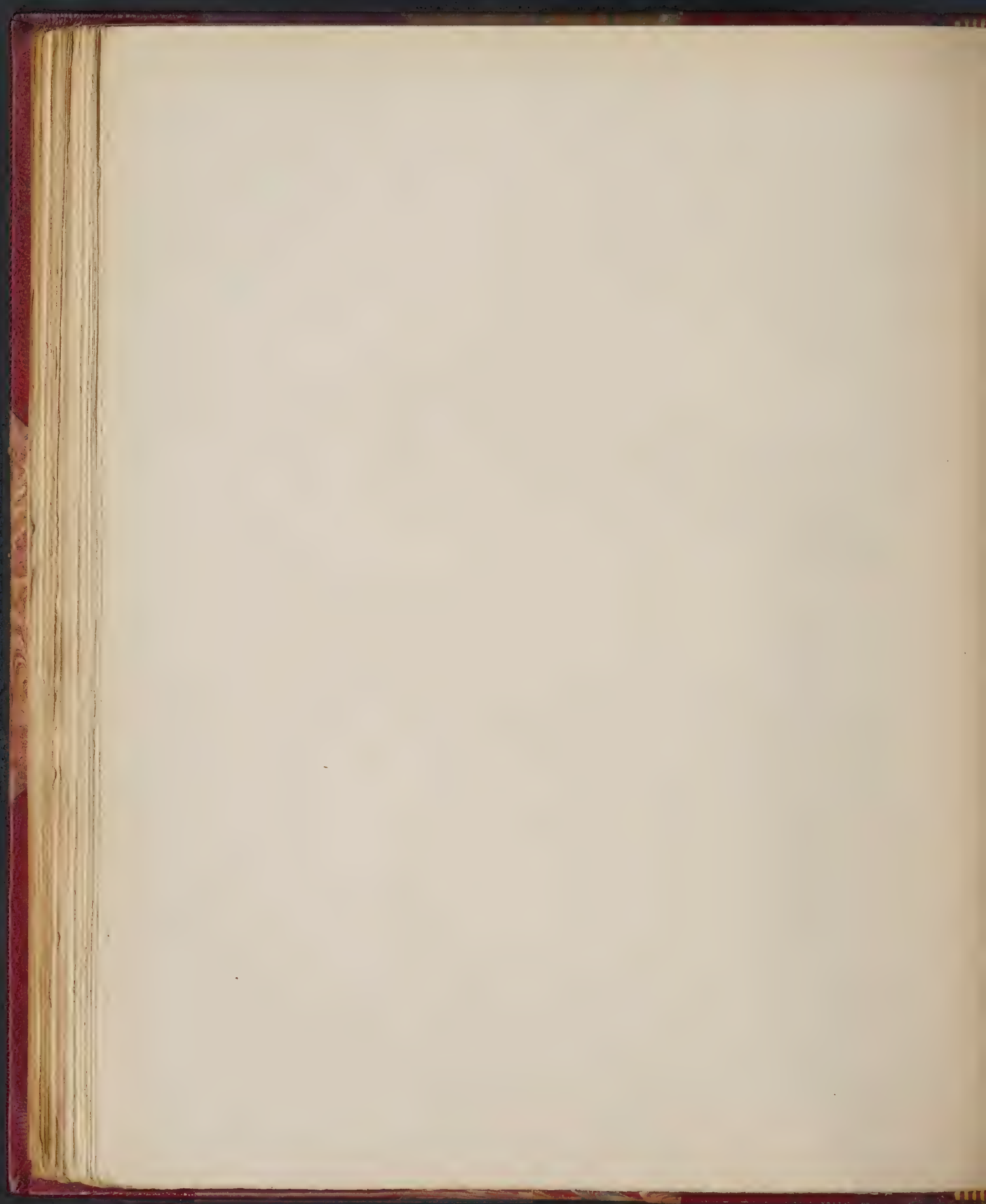
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white ;
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death :
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,
For every little grief to wet his eyes :
To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
 There shall not be one minute in an hour,
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
 Means to immure herself and not be seen.



L U C R E C E.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

"LUCRECE" was printed under that title by Richard Field, for John Harrison, in 1594, 4to. It was not reprinted until 1598 by P. S., *i. e.*, Peter Short, for the same publisher, who also issued editions of it in 1600 and 1607 ; all the impressions, after the first, being in 8vo. In 1616 it was reprinted in 8vo. for Roger Jackson, when it was said on the title-page to have been "newly revised". In 1655, J. Quarles reprinted *The Rape of Lucrece* in 8vo., as the work of "the incomparable Master of our English Poetry, Will : Shakespeare, Gent."

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea: during which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports; whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow? She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself: which done, with one consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that, with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

LUCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;
When Collatine, unwisely, did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white,
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight ;
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he, the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
Reckoning his fortune at such high proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness! enjoy'd but of a few ;
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done,
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun ;
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator :
What needeth, then, apologies be made
To set forth that which is so singular ?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king,¹
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all too timeless speed, if none of those :
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.

¹ SUGGESTED this proud issue of a king ;] "Suggested" is *tempted*, *instigated*, the word used just afterwards.

O rash, false heat ! wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame :
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.²

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;
Then, virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white :
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right ;
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

² Virtue would stain that O'ER with silver white.] "O'er" is spelt *ore* (as was not unusual) in the quarto, 1594, but the later editions supplied an apostrophe, *o're*, to show that an abbreviation of *over* was intended. Some editors have printed it "or", *i.e.*, gold.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
Therefore, that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper,
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer,
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books :
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
Nor could she moralise his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory :
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there :
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
Till sable night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy sprite ;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that
wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining :
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining ;
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
As life for honour in fell battles' rage ;
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill, we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect ;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have : so then we do neglect
The thing we have ; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust,
And for himself himself he must forsake :
Then, where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes :
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries :
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm ;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here, pale with fear, he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise :
Then, looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine ;
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine :
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
Let fair humanity abhor the deed,
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms !
O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
O impious act, including all foul harms !
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave ?
True valour still a true respect should have ;
Then, my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,
Or sells eternity to get a toy ?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down ?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

O ! what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed ?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quital of such strife ;
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse, nor end.

Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known :
Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :
I'll beg her love ;—but she is not her own :
The worst is but denial, and reproving.
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing :
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still ;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise !
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then, white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear !
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses ?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth :
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age !
My heart shall never countermand mine eye :
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage ;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
Then, who fears sinking where such treasure lies ?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine :
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits ;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline ;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which, once corrupted, takes the worser part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd retires his ward ;
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :
The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there ;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks :
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the neeld his finger pricks ;
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;
He in the worst sense construes their denial :
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial ;
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he ; these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts :—quoth he, I must deflower :
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they, then, assist me in the act ?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide !
My will is back'd with resolution :
Thoughts are but dreams, till their effects be tried ;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution ;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch :
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside ;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head :
By their high treason is his heart misled ;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fire-ypointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame suppos'd,
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclos'd.

O! had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill :
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still ;
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;
Between whose hills her head entombed is :
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality :
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered ;
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd ?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;
Slak'd, not suppress'd ; for, standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand ;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land,
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries :
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking ;
What terror 'tis ! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;
She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !)
May feel her heart (poor citizen !) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.

This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe ;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : The colour in thy face
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale ;
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never conquer'd fort : the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide ;
My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight
Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
I know what thorns the growing rose defends,
I think the honey guarded with a sting ;
And this beforehand counsel comprehends ;
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends :
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed ;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he dies :
So under his insulting falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee :
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee :
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye ;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound ; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then, for thy husband's and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit : bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot ;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot ;
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's fault, not their own infamy.

Here, with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing :

So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth :
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth.
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place ;
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
End thine ill aim before thy shoot be ended :
 He is no wood-man, that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me ;
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me :
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
 If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion ;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O ! if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears, and be compassionate :
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee ;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name :
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
 For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king ?
O, be remember'd ! no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;
Then, kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear ;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove :
If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn ?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name ?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;
Their own transgressions partially they smother :
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapped in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes !

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier ;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal ;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he : my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret :
The petty streams, that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king ;
And lo ! there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave :
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :
The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
No more, quoth he ; by heaven, I will not hear thee.
Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee ;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies :
Shame, folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries ;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd,
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again :
This forced league doth force a farther strife ;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain :
This hot desire converts to cold disdain.

Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight :
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin, than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination !
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then, with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels ; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands disgraced :
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced ;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual :
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain ;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence ;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate with her nails her flesh doth tear ;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;
 She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away ;
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day ;
For day, quoth she, night's scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to 'close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O, comfort-killing night, image of hell !
Dim register and notary of shame !
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
Grim cave of death ! whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher !

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night !
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light ;
 Make war against proportion'd course of time :
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb

 His wonted height, yet, ere he go to bed,
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
 Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
 The life of purity, the supreme fair,
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick ;
 And let thy musty vapours³ march so thick,
 That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
 May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
 The silver-shining queen he would distain ;
 Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
 Through night's black bosom should not peep again :
 So should I have copartners in my pain ;
 And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
 As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Where, now, I have no one to blush with me,
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
 To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine ;
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

³ And let thy MUSTY vapours] So the 4to. of 1594 :—later editions poorly read *misty*. All vapours are *misty*, but these are "musty".

O night ! thou furnace of foul reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace :
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day !
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass⁴ in my looks.

The nurse to still her child will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name ;
The orator to deck his oratory
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame ;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

⁴ Will QUOTE my loathsome trespass] *i. e.*, will *note* or *observe*.

O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas ! how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows.

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack ;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him :
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue.—O ! unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil.

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud,
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold ;
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So, then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young ;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it :
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
 The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers,
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing,
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours ;
We have no good that we can say is ours,
 But ill-annexed opportunity
 Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season ;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
 Sits sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath ;
Thou blow'st the fire, when temperance is thaw'd ;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth :
Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud :
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast ;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood-taste :
Thy violent vanities can never last.
 How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end,
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd ?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee,
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds :
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds :
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid :
 They buy thy help ; but sin ne'er gives a fee ;
 He gratis comes, and thou art well appay'd,
 As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.
 My Collatine would else have come to me,
 When Tarquin did ; but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft ;
 Guilty of perjury and subornation ;
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ;
 Guilty of incest, that abomination :
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care ;
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare :
 Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
 O hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time !
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose ?
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes ?
 Time's office is to fine the hate of foes ;⁵

⁵ Time's office is to FINE the hate of foes ;] To "fine" is here used for to *end* or *conclude*—to *finish*.

To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right ;
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers :

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings ;
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs ;
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel :

To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild :
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd ;
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends :

O, this dread night ! wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack.

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight :
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan ; but pity not his moans :
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones ;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair ;
Let him have time against himself to rave ;
Let him have time of time's help to despair ;
Let him have time to live a loathed slave ;
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort ;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes

In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport :
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

O Time ! thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill :
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill :
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill ;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave ?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate :
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away ;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day :
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out, idle words ! servants to shallow fools,
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !

Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools ;
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;
 To trembling clients be you mediators :
 For me, I force not argument a straw,⁶
 Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
 At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night ;
 In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
 In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :
 This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
 The remedy, indeed, to do me good,
 Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree ?
 Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;
 For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
 But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame :
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
 And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
 Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
 To find some desperate instrument of death ;
 But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
 To make more vent for passage of her breath,
 Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
 As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
 Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

⁶ —I FORCE not argument a straw,] I do not value, or care not for argument a straw. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v, sc. 2, p. 92.

In vain, quoth she, I live ; and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life :
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife ;
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife.

So am I now :—O no ! that cannot be ;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O ! that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least, I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery ;
A dying life to living infamy.

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth ;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth :
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my attain't,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses ;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow, sad gait descended
To ugly hell ; when lo ! the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow ;
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;
To whom she sobbing speaks : O eye of eyes !
Why pry'st thou through my window ? leave thy peeping ;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping :
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees.
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees :
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare :
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues :
 Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;
 Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody ;
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy :
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society :
 True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
 When with like semblance it is sympathis'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food ;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good :
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows ;
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts ;
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb :
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests :
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
 Distress likes dumps, when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair :
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear ;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye ;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out ; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds :
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly ;
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed, and death reproach's debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack ! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine ?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine ?
Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy :
Then, let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath ;
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament,

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
 The one will live, the other being dead :
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
 By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me :
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make :—
 My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
 My resolution, husband, do thou take ;
 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound ;
 My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
 And all my fame that lives disbursed be
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;⁷
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !

⁷ Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;] In the time of Shakespeare it was usual for testators to appoint not only executors, but *overseers* of their wills. Such was the case with our poet, when he named John Hall and his daughter Susanna executors, and Thomas Russell and Francis Collins overseers, of his will.

My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
 My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *So be it* :
 Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee :
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
 With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
 And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
 For why, her face wore sorrow's livery ;
 But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
 Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
 Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
 Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
 One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
 No cause but company of her drops spilling :
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts :

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;
 The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
 Then, call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep :
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd :
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. O ! let it not be hild^s
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
 With men's abuses : those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

^s —let it not be HILD] "Hild" for *held*, a common corruption ; here necessary for the rhyme, but not always so.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong :
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread ;
And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :
My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining ?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan)—Tarquin from hence ?
Madam, ere I was up, replied the maid ;
The more to blame my sluggard negligence :
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness ?
O peace ! quoth Lucrece : if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen ;—
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
 What should I say ?—One of my husband's men
 Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear :
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it ;
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill.
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;
 What wit sets down is blotted straight with will ;
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill :
 Much like a press of people at a door
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : *Thou worthy lord
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
 Health to thy person : next, vouchsafe t' afford
 (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
 Some present speed to come and visit me.
 So I commend me from our house in grief :
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.*

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
 By this short schedule Collatine may know
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :
 She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,
 When every part a part of woe doth bear :
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear ;
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste.
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast :
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems ;
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low,
 And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
 Receives the scroll, without or yea or no ;
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie :
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame,
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame ;

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd :
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd :
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd ;
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her complaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life.
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife ;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces :
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O ! what art
Of physiognomy might one behold :
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart ;
Their face their manners most expressly told :
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard, and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight.
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white
 Wagg'd up and down ; and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice :
 Some high, some low ;—the painter was so nice,
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;
 Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and red ;⁸
 Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear ;
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,

⁸ —all BOLL'N and red ;] "Bollen" means *swollen* ; and it is used by Chaucer, as well as by later writers. See "a bollen bagpipe" in *The Merchant of Venice*, act iv, sc. 1, p. 73.

Grip'd in an armed hand : himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.

A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,

That through their light joy seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is steld.⁹
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till the despairing Hecuba beheld,

⁹ —where all distress is STELD.] We print this word (of the use of which no other instance has been pointed out) precisely as it stands in the editions of 1594, 1598, &c. Malone remarks, that in Sonnet xxiv, Shakespeare employs *steel'd* nearly in the same manner with reference to painting. We might suppose that "steel'd" in this place meant engraved as in steel, and firmly *fixed*.

Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign :
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd,
Of what she was no semblance did remain ;
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes :
The painter was no god to lend her those ;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue ;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound ;
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong ;
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long ;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear :
Thine eye kindled the fire that burneth here ;

And here, in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?¹
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;²
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds.
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes;
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

¹ —of many MO?] A form of *more*, often in use of old, particularly when, as here, the rhyme required it; but we sometimes also meet with it in prose, and in blank verse.

² —here Troilus SWOUNDS;] *i.e.*, *swoons*, as we now pronounce and spell the word: the rhyme here likewise requires the old spelling.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament :
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content :
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show ;
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew ;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
 And chid the painter for his wondrous skill ;
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd ;
 So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill :
 And still on him she gaz'd ; and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
 That she concludes the picture was belied.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile—
 (She would have said) can lurk in such a look ;
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue, *can lurk* from *cannot* took ;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
 And turn'd it thus : It cannot be, I find,
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind :

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
 (As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
 To me came Tarquin armed ; too beguil'd
 With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
 With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,
 So did I Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look ! how listening Priam wets his eyes,
 To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
 Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?
 For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds :
 His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds ;
 Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
 Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
These contraries such unity do hold
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er ;
Fool ! fool ! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining :
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment ;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company,
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky :
 These water-galls in her dim element
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares :
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw ;
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares ;
 Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins :—What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand ?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?
 Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
 And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :
At length, address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;
 While Collatine and his consorted lords
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.—
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending :
In me more woes than words are now depending ;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then, be this all the task it hath to say :
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed : this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry ;
 And then against my heart he set his sword,
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
 I should not live to speak another word ;
 So should my shame still rest upon record,
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome
 Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear :
 My bloody judge forbad my tongue to speak ;
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes ;
 And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own excuse,
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find :
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
 That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd
 To accessary yieldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,
 With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
 With sad set eyes, and wreathed arms across,³
 From lips new waxen pale begins to blow
 The grief away, that stops his answer so ;
 But wretched as he is, he strives in vain,
 What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

³ —and WREATHED arms across,] The old text is "*wretched* arms", but *wretched* occurs just below, and we confidently adopt the modern reading "*wreathed* arms".

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past ;
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :—
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe, too sensible, thy passion maketh
More feeling painful : let it, then, suffice
To drown one woe one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me :
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own : suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms :
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition;
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd ;
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops.—O ! speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me ?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance ?
May any terms acquit me from this chance ?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again,
And why not I from this compelled stain ?

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

No, no, quoth she ; no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here, with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name : *he, he*, she says,
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak ;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this : *he, he*, fair lords, 'tis *he*,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd :
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd :
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw :
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,¹
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;

¹ —a watery RIGOL goes,] A "rigol" is a *circle*, properly spelt *ringol*.
See also *Henry IV*, Pt. II, act iv, sc. 4, p. 94.

And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, dear daughter ! old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd ?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass ! I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born ;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn.
O ! from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time ! cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive :
Then live, sweet Lucrece ; live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee !

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space ;

Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,²
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime *Tarquin* was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more ;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :
Then, son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, She's mine.—O ! mine she is,
Replies her husband : Do not take away
My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

² —so THICK come in his poor heart's aid,] “So thick” is with such rapidity. See *Macbeth*, act i, sc. 3, p. 11, etc.

O ! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
Woe, woe ! quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
I ow'd her,³ and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd !
My daughter and *My wife* with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, *My daughter* and *my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things :

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise :
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds ;

³ I OW'D her,] *i. e.*, "I *own'd* her", as often before.

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations ;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

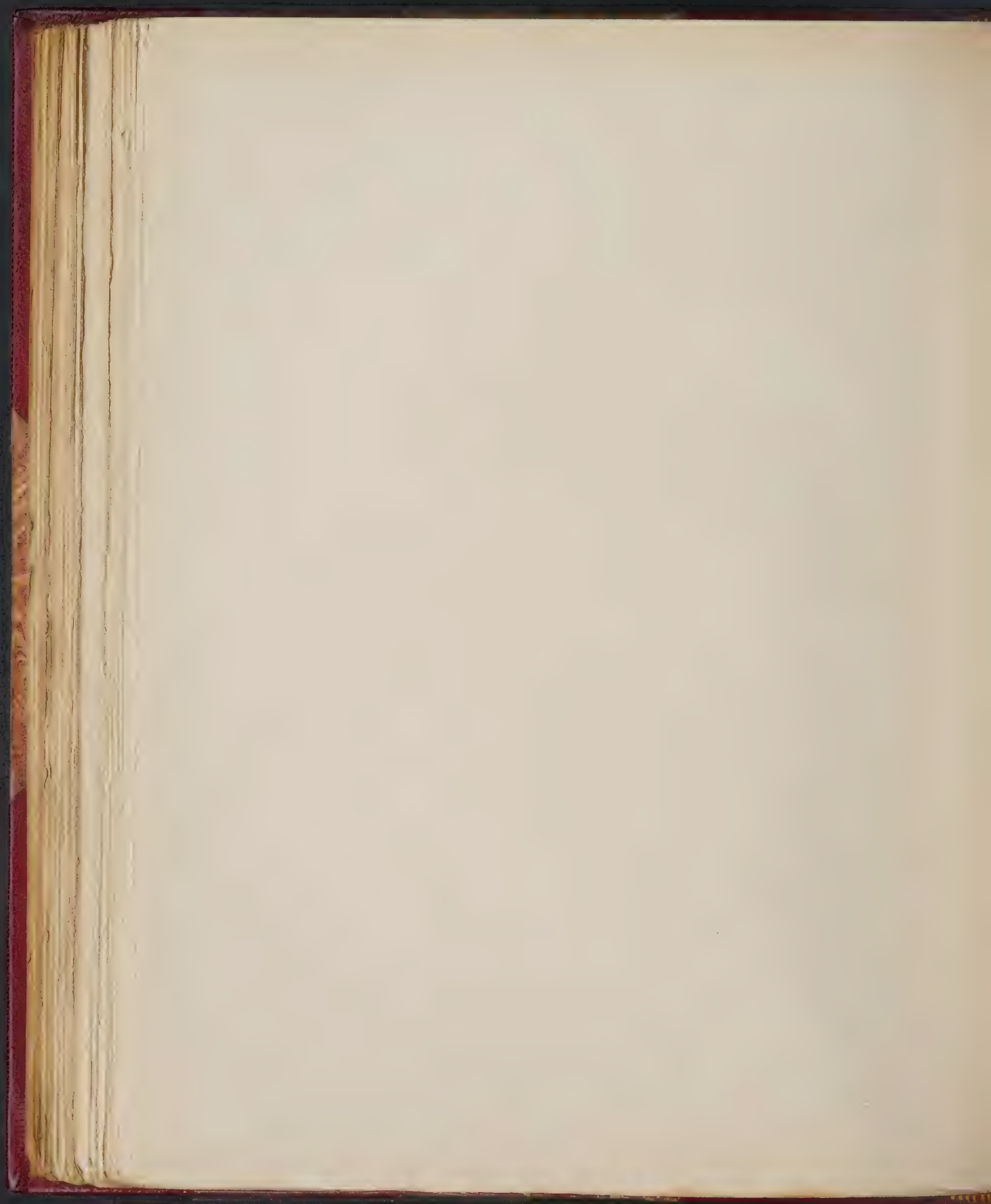
Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow :
Then, jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,

And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent⁴
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

⁴ The Romans PLAUSIBLY did give consent] In Shakespeare's time, "plausibly" was sometimes used in the sense of received with applause—*plausively*. The poet says the same thing in other words in the argument at the commencement:—"Wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent *and general acclamation* the Tarquins were all exiled", etc.



SONNETS.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

"Shake-speares Sonnets. Neuer before Imprinted. At London By
G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William Aspley. 1609." 4to.¹

¹ In the Bodleian Library is a copy with the following imprint: "At
London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by Iohn Wright,
dwelling at Christ Church gate." It differs in no other particular.
T. T. was Thomas Thorpe, a well-known bookseller of that day, who
prefixed a dedication in these words: "To the only begetter of
these ensuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity
promised by our ever-living Poet, wisheth the well-wishing Adven-
turer in setting forth, T. T."

SONNETS.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, *Within thine own deep-sunken eyes*,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
 If thou couldst answer—*This fair child of mine*
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,—
 Proving his beauty by succession thine !
 This were to be new made, when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
 Now is the time that face should form another ;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
 For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb²
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
 Or who is he, so fond, will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
 Thou art thy mother's glass ; and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
 So thou through windows of thine age shall see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
 But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend ;
 And being frank, she lends to those are free.
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse

² —UN-EAR'D womb] "Un-ear'd" is *un-ploughed, unproductive*.

The bounteous largess given thee to give ?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel :
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd and bareness everywhere :
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was :
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show ;³ their substance still lives sweet.

³ LEESE but their show ;] "Leese" is an old form of *lose*. In Shakespeare's time it was not generally adopted, unless it were wanted for the rhyme. To "leese" means now to glean what is *lost*.

VI.

Then, let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :
Make sweet some phial ; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one :
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee :
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity ?
Be not self-will'd ; for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage :
But when from high-most pitch with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way.
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee,—*Thou single wilt prove none.*

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;⁴
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;

⁴ —like a MAKELESS wife;] *i. e.*, like a *mateless* wife; *make* and *mate* were sometimes used indifferently.

But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art lov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O! change thy thought, that I may change my mind.
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest,
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore year would make the world away.

Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more ;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish.
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls are silver'd o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;
Then, of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow ;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself ! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourself here live :
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give :
So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
Find no determination : then, you were

Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?
O! none but unthrifths. Dear my love, you know,
You had a father : let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality ;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind ;
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find :
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert ;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,—
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment ;

That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheer'd and check'd even by the selfsame sky ;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory ;
Then, the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time,
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit :
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, *This poet lies ;*
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song ;
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this give life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
O ! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion :
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth :
And for a woman wert thou first created ;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O ! let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then, believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
Let them say more that like of hear-say well ;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate ;
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me.
How can I, then, be elder than thou art ?
O ! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain ;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart ;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O ! let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O ! learn to read what silent love hath writ :
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart :⁵
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art ;
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies ;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now, see what good turns eyes for eyes have done :

⁵ —in TABLE of my heart ;] The word "table" was of old frequently used for *picture* ; but it seems properly to have meant the material upon which a picture was painted. For "stel'd" see also *Lucrece*, p. 107.

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior, famoused for worth ;
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed forth,⁶
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
 Then, happy I ! that love and am belov'd,
 Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassy,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit :

⁶ —razed FORTH,] It is "razed *quite*" in the old impressions, but the rhyme requires *forth* : Theobald altered "worth" to *fight* ; but the blunder, probably, was in the adverb *quite*.

Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;
 Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd :
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow⁷ to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
 Lo ! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

⁷ Presents THY shadow —] The 4to. reads corruptly, "*their* shadow"; and in the preceding sonnet, twelfth line, "*their* sweet respect" for "*thy* sweet respect".

XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night ;
 When sparkling stars twire not,⁸ thou gild'st the even :
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem
 stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,

⁸ When sparkling stars TWIRE not,] To "twire" occurs in Chaucer, in the sense of *susurro*, but Ben Jonson, in his *Sad Shepherd*, uses the word "twire" for *peep*. So also in Holland's *Pliny*, B. xi, p. 334.

Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate :
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then, can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then, can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before ;
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear⁹

⁹ —and OBSEQUIOUS tear] *i. e.*, a tear as at the obsequies of the dead. See "*obsequious* sorrow" in *Hamlet*, act i, sc. 2, p. 13.

Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
 That due of many now is thine alone :
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover ;
 Compare them with the bettering of the time,
 And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O ! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :
Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage :
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.¹
Ah ! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

¹ —the strong offence's CROSS.] The old copy has *loss*, instead of "cross", which Malone substituted.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorising thy trespass with compare ;
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee :
This wish I have ; then, ten times happy me !

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
O ! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O ! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?
And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee ?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence ! what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,²
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love ; yea, take them all :
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call :
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;

² —so sweetly DOTH deceive,] In the 4to. it is printed "*dost* deceive", and, possibly, it is right.

And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites, yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won ;
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd ;³
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till he have prevail'd.
Ah me ! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth ;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said, I lov'd her dearly ;
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :—

³ —therefore to be assail'd ;] See *Henry VI*, Pt. I, act v, sc. 3, p. 94.

Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her ;⁵
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss ;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross :
 But here's the joy ; my friend and I are one ;
 Sweet flattery !—then, she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected ;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so ?
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade⁶
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay ?
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
 And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

⁵ —because thou KNOW'ST I love her ;] So the old copy, and rightly : modern editors have changed "know'st" to *knew'st*.

⁶ —THY fair imperfect shade] "*Their* fair imperfect shade" in the old copy. There must have been some peculiarity in the old manuscript, rendering this error of such frequent occurrence.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone;
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide:
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy,
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then, no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title⁷ is empannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety,⁸ and the dear heart's part :
 As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
 And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other.
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart :
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :

⁷ To 'CIDE this title—] To "cide" for to *decide*. "A quest of thoughts" in the next line is, of course, an *inquest* or *jury* of thoughts. This sonnet has a very legal aspect.

⁸ The clear eye's MOIETY,] "Moiety", in the time of Shakespeare, was not used merely for *half*, but for any portion or share.

So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me ;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee ;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust ;
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Are left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part ;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;

Against that time, when`thou shalt strangely pass,
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine`eye ;
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
 Against that time do I ensconce me here
 Within the knowledge of my own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek (my weary travel's end)
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend !
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on^o to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know,
 His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee.
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

^o Plods DULLY on,] An emendation by Malone: the old copy has *duly* for "dully".

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
Till I return of posting is no need.
O ! what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
In winged speed no motion shall I know :
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire (of perfect love being made)
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;—
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore, are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set
Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain-jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you ;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
 Speak of the spring and foison of the year,¹
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear ;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;

¹ —and FOISON of the year ;] “Foison” is *plenty, abundance*. See *The Tempest*, act ii, sc. I, p. 32, etc.

Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth : your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.

Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that when they see
Return of love more blest may be the view ;
Or call it winter,² which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu :
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose ;
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !

² OR call it winter,] The old copy reads, "*As* call it", etc. The emendation was by Tyrwhitt.

O ! let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty ;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will : to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child ?
O ! that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done ;
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame ;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,³
Or whether revolution be the same.
O ! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

³ —or WHETHER better they,] Here, of course, "whether" (spelt *where* in the old copies) must be pronounced as one syllable. No mistake is more common, than to suppose Shakespeare's verse redundant, because two syllables are not pronounced as *one*.

LX.

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight ?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy ?
O no ! thy love, though much, is not so great :
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part ;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chapp'd⁴ with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn ;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night ;
And all those beauties, whereof now he 's king,
Are vanishing, or vanish'd, out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,

⁴ BEATED and chapp'd—] We preserve here the old orthography, although *beaten*, or *bated*, was perhaps intended.

That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life :
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage :
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store :
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,—
That Time will come, and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
O ! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ?

O fearful meditation ! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O none ! unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,⁵
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill :
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah ! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,

⁵ —by limping sway DISABLED,] "Disabled" is here to be pronounced as four syllables. Elsewhere Shakespeare makes the same use of "redoubled", "enfeebled", "unmingled", etc.

And lace itself with his society ?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?
 Why should poor beauty⁶ indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?
 Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins ?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O ! him she stores, to show what wealth she had
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head ;
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;
 And him as for a map doth nature store,
 To show false art what beauty was of yore.

⁶ Why should POOR beauty] Possibly, we ought here to read, "Why should *pure* beauty", etc.; but the old text may be right, and therefore we adhere to it. So, lower down, "proud of *many*" might be read "proud of *money*".

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend ;
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,⁷
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
 In other accents do this praise confound,
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The solve is this ;—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd ;

⁷ —give thee that DUE,] This is Tyrwhitt's emendation for *end* of the 4to. 1609—"give thee that *end*".

Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd :
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then, thou alone kingdoms of hearts should owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay ;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O! lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart.

O! lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you :
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which, by and by, black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay :
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.

The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me.
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey for worms, my body being dead ;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Than better'd that the world may see my pleasure :
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had, or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day ;
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change ?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and whence they did proceed ?
O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument ;
So, all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent :
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love, still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks,⁸ and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

⁸ Commit to these waste BLANKS ;] This sonnet may have been sent with a book with blank leaves. The old copies have *blacks*.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek : he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then, thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O! how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame :
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride :
Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten :
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;

And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And, therefore, mayst without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;
And, therefore, art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love ; yet, when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathis'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend ;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood : in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And, therefore, to your fair no painting set ;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt :
And, therefore, have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.

This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most ? which can say more,
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory ;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story :
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*

To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, *'tis so, 'tis true,*
And to the most of praise add something more ;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before :
Then, others for the breath of words respect,—
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished :
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast.
I was not sick of any fear from thence ;
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn :
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :
And I by this will be a gainer too ;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence :

Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;
Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then, hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now :
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after loss.
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come : so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
But these particulars are not my measure :
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine ;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine :
Then, need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O ! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die :
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :
For there can live no hatred in thine eye ;
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange ;
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity ;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds :
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
(Making lascivious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O! what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.⁷

⁷ This and the preceding line, it will be seen, also close Sonnet xxxvi.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere !
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time ;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him :
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight
Drawn after you ; you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play :

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide :—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath ? the purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of majoram had stol'n thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light ?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent :
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays estēem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse ! what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed ?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd ;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;
But best is best, if never intermix'd.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?
Excuse not silence so ; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then, do thy office, Muse : I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now,

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming ;
I love not less, though less the show appear :
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days :
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O! blame me not, if I no more can write:
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old;
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights ;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit ?
What's now to speak, what now to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?
Nothing, sweet boy ; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,
Weighs not the dust and injury of age ;
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page ;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O ! never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify ;
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
 That is my home of love : if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd ;
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas ! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view ;
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new :
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
 These blenches⁸ gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end :
 Mine appetite I never more will grind

⁸ These BLENCHES—] To "blench" is to start from : see *Measure for Measure*, act iv, sc. 5, p. 88, etc. ; but Shakespeare does not elsewhere use it as a substantive.

On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then, give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure, and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O ! for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breeds :
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand ;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of esill⁹ 'gainst my strong infection ;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;

⁹ Potions of ESILL—] *i. e.*, Potions of *vinegar*, for which *esill* was the old name : see *Hamlet*, act v, sc. 2, p. 134.

None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
 In so profound abysm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks they 're dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch :¹
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.²

¹ —which it doth LATCH :] The old copy has *lack* for “latch”, an error corrected by the rhyme. To “latch” is, of course, to *catch*.

² —thus maketh MINE untrue.] Possibly for “mine” we ought to read *my eyne*, the old printer having composed the word from his ear.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make, of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
O ! 'tis the first : 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup :
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer ;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds t' the course of altering things ;
Alas ! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, *Now I love you best*,
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe ; then, might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments : love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus : that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right ;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight :
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate ;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate ;
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge ;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge ;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding ;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd ;
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of syren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win !
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever !
O benefit of ill ! now I find true,
That better is by evil still made better ;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgressions bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time ;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O ! that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits ;
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !
But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being ;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing :
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood ?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?
No, I am that I am ; and they, that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own :
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel.
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown ;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity ;
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more :
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No ! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief ; and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present, nor the past ;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee ;

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No; it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy ! who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle-hour ;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st ;
If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure !
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure :
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.³

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard-shame ;
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore, my mistress' eyes are raven black ;
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem :

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

³ —quietus is to render thee.] At the end of this obscure poem (for

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music playest,
 Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayest
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks,⁴ that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight ;
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,

sonnet it is not, either in the number of the lines, or in the distribution of the rhymes), are marks of inclusion in the old copy, as if to indicate the absence of two lines : but the piece seems complete in itself without addition.

⁴ Do I envy those JACKS,] The "jacks" were the keys of the virginal, on which Shakespeare supposes his mistress to play.

On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe ;⁵
 Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream.
 All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red :
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound :
 I grant I never saw a goddess go ;
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground :
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;
 For well thou know'st, to my dear dotting heart

⁵ —and PROV'D, A very woe ;] Malone's excellent emendation of the old copy, which reads "and *proud and* very woe". More modern editors give it as if it were their own discovery.

Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say, that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck, do witness bear,
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.—
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain,⁶
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And, truly, not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face.
 O ! let it, then, as well beseem thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part :
 Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

⁶ Knowing thy heart, TORMENT me with disdain,] So the old copy, "torment" being governed by "they" in the preceding line, and "they" agreeing with "eyes". Such was Malone's corrected text.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart, that makes my heart to groan
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd.
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But, then, my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail :
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty⁷ thou wilt take,

⁷ The STATUTE of thy beauty—] "Statute" has here its legal signification, that of a security for money. The whole sonnet is founded upon legal technicalities ; and it has been relied upon by those who contend that Shakespeare had once been a lawyer's clerk.

Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me :
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,⁸
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in over-plus ;
 More than enough am I, that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store ;
 So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will* ;

⁸ Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy WILL,] As there is in this and the next sonnet, as well as in Sonnet cxliii, an obvious play upon the Christian name of the poet, we have printed it exactly as it stands in the old 4to. 1609.

And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove ;
Among a number one is reckon'd none :
Then, in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something, sweet, to thee :
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see ?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied ?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,⁹
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place ?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?

⁹ —a SEVERAL plot,] In this and the next line we have the same play upon the words "several" and "common". "A several plot" is a piece of ground which has been "common" or uninclosed, but has been separated and made private property.

In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears¹ that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue :
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust ?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old ?
O ! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told :
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O ! call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue,
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside :

¹ When my love swears—] This sonnet was first printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. It is inserted hereafter as it stands in that work, that the reader may have an opportunity of comparing the two copies.

What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can 'bide ?
Let me excuse thee : ah ! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.
Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,
Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know :
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee :
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note ;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.

Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted ;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone :
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.
O ! but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' bed's revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied !

CXLIII.

Lo ! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,

Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay ;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent :
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind ;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have² of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still ;
 The better angel is a man, right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,³
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell ;
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

—Two loves I have—] This sonnet, with some variations, will
 be found hereafter in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

³ —from my SIDE,] Misprinted *sight* in the 4to. 1609.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,⁴
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
 To me that languish'd for her sake ;
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
 And taught it thus anew to greet.
I hate she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
 From heaven to hell is flown away :
I hate from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying—*Not you*.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,⁵
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,

⁴ Those lips that Love's own hand did make,] This octosyllabic poem can only be called a sonnet in the older sense of the word.

⁵ FOOL'D BY THOSE rebel powers that thee array,] This is Malone's necessary and judicious emendation of an evident corruption in the 4to. 1609, which reads, "*My sinful earth these* rebel powers that thee array".

Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more!
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with ever-more unrest:
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight:
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so ?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's *ay* is not so true as all men's *no*.
 How can it ? O ! how can love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?
 No marvel, then, though I mistake my view ;
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
 O cunning love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes, well-seeing, thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake ?⁶
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?
 Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan ?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind :
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

⁶ —with thee PARTAKE ?] *i.e.*, “with thee *take part*”—a not uncommon use of the word : see *Henry VI*, Pt. I, act ii, sc. 4, p. 40.

CL.

O! from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O! though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it, that I call
 Her *love*, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing ;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost :
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;
 And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see ;
 For I have sworn thee fair : more perjur'd I,⁷
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie !

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep :
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fir'd,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;

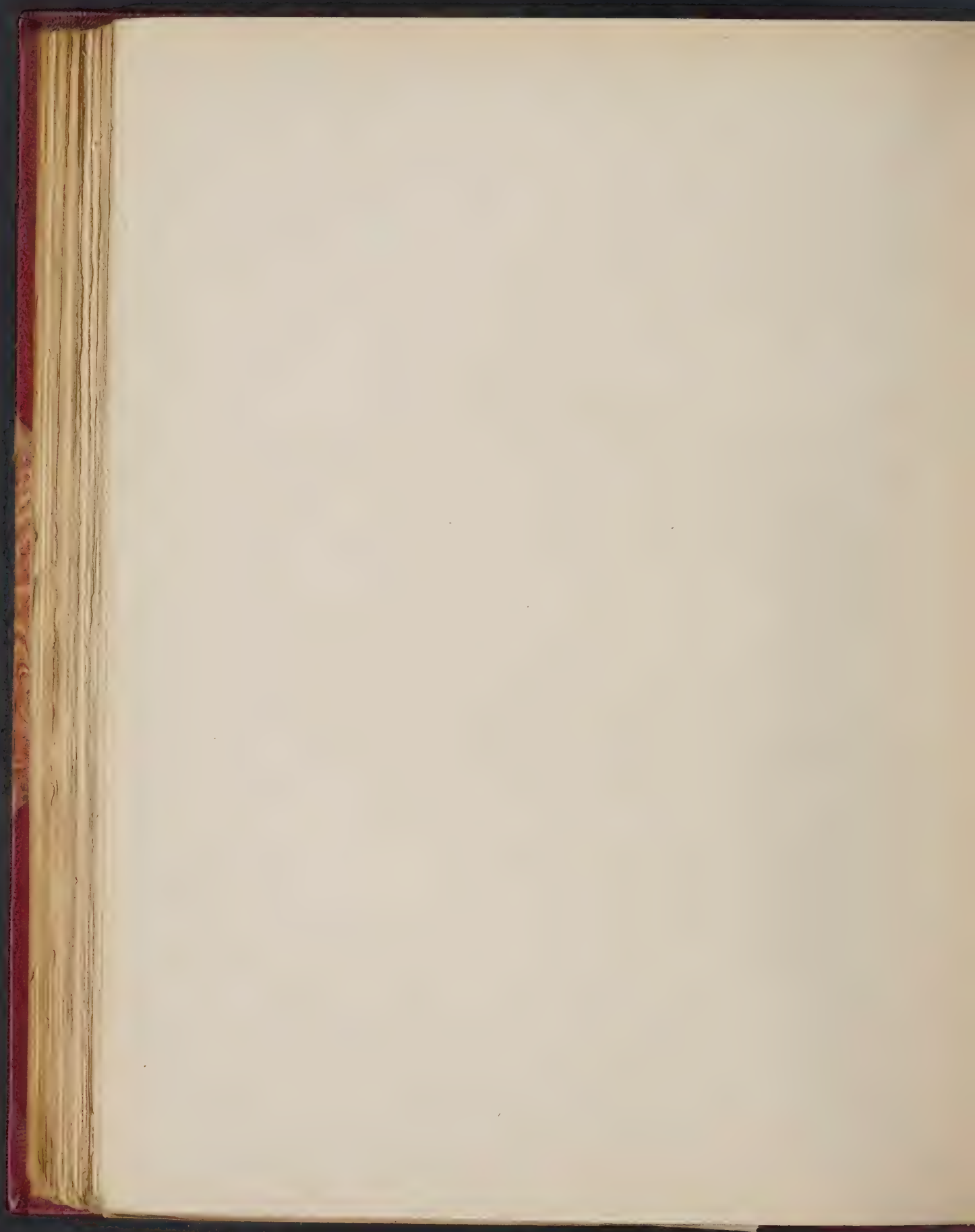
⁷ —more perjur'd I,] There is no doubt that this is the true reading ; but the 4to. 1609 has "more perjur'd *eye*". The old compositor, as was not unusual with him, printed by his ear.

I sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure : the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs, that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd :
And so the general of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath, and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.⁸

⁸ —water cools not love.] These two last sonnets have no connection with those that precede them. They are, in fact, only to be looked upon as one sonnet, the same thought running through both, as if the author had first composed one, and, not quite pleasing himself, had afterwards written the other. Possibly, they were not by the same hand, two different poets dealing with the same fancy.



A LOVER'S COMPLAINT,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale ;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done :
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears ;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
 Sometimes, diverted, their poor balls are tied
 To the orb'd earth ; sometimes they do extend
 Their view right on ; anon their gazes bend⁹
 To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plait,
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;
 For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
 Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
 And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew¹
 Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;
 Like usury, applying wet to wet,
 Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
 Where want cries *Some*, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
 Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood ;
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;

⁹ —their gazes BEND] In the old copy "bend" is *lend*.

¹ —from a MAUND she drew] The word "maund", for a basket, is still in use in several parts of the country.

Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear ;
Cried, O false blood ! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear !
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here.
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy² fastly drew ;
And, privileged by age, desires to know,
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side ;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide :
If that from him there may be aught applied,
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

² Toward this afflicted FANCY—] "Fancy", in Shakespeare, and other poets, is often used for *love* ; and here it seems applied to the subject of the passion.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But, woe is me ! too early I attended
A youthful suit, it was to gain my grace ;
O ! one by nature's outward so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face :
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls :
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find ;
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.

Small show of man was yet upon his chin :
His phoenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear ;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear ;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free ;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so, with his authorized youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes :
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
makes !"
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went :
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions,³ yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue,
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,

³ CAME for additions,] The old copy, "*Can* for additions": the obvious correction was made by Malone.

For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will :

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted ;
Consents, bewitch'd ere he desire, have granted ;
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd ;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor, being desir'd, yielded ;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,

With safest distance I mine honour shielded.
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah ! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay ?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way ?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay ;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite ! from judgment stand aloof :
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry, *It is thy last.*

For farther I could say, *This man's untrue,*
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me : Gentle maid,

Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid :
That 's to you sworn to none was ever said ;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto ;
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

All my offences, that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;
Love made them not : with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :
They sought their shame that so their shame did find ;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,⁴
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd :
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

⁴ —to the smallest TEEN,] "Teen" is *sorrow*, a word that has occurred before: see *The Tempest*, act i, sc. 2, p. 8, etc.

And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond ; why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties^b did tend ;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal blend
With objects manifold : each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render ;
That is, to you, my origin and ender :
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

Oh ! then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise ;
Take all these similes to your own command,

^b —his INVIS'D properties—] “Invis'd” may be explained *unseen* or *invisible*. Malone considered it “a word of Shakespeare's coining”, and we know of no other example of its use. Possibly, *inclos'd*.

Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise ;
What me, your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you ; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note ;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote :
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet ! what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Paling the place⁶ which did no form receive ;
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves ?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O ! pardon me, in that my boast is true :
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly ;
Religious love put out religion's eye :
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

⁶ PALING the place—] The 4to. 1609 has "*Playing* the place", the compositor having, probably, caught "*Playing*" from the next line (Malone's emendation).

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell !
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among :
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,⁷
Who, disciplin'd, aye, dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they t' assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame !
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst
shame ;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now, all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine ;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,

⁷ —to charm a sacred NUN,] "Nun" is absurdly misprinted *sun* in the old copy.

And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face ;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace !
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue incloses.

O father ! what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear ;
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath !

For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd ;
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears :
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting ; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,

To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shows :

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame,
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim :
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd ;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?
Ah me ! I fell ; and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye !
O, that false fire, which in his cheek so glow'd !
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly !
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd !
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,⁸
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid !

⁸ O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,] *i.e.*, seeming *own'd*.
Malone explains the passage thus,—that passion which he borrowed
from others so naturally that it seemed real, and his own.



THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.¹

I.

WHEN my love swears² that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Out-facing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

¹ It was printed with this title-page: "The Passionate Pilgrime By W. Shakespeare. At London Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard. 1599," 16mo.

There was also an edition of it in 1612, the title-page of which runs thus:—"The Passionate Pilgrime. Or Certaine Amorous Sonnets, betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespere. The third Edition. Where-vnto is newly added two Loue-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answere backe againe to Paris. Printed by W. Iaggard. 1612." These "love-epistles" were translations from Ovid by Thomas Heywood.

² When my love swears—] This sonnet is substantially the same as sonnet cxxxviii in the 4to. published by Thorpe in 1609.

II.

Two loves I have,³ of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still :
 The better angel is a man, right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt a saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her fair pride :
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, but not directly tell ;
 For being both to me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,⁴
 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
 Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

³ Two loves I have—] This sonnet is also included in the collection of 1609 (Sonnet cxliv), but with some verbal variations.

⁴ Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,] This sonnet, with slight variations, is found in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv, sc. 3, p. 55.

My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is :
Then thou fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,
Exhale this vapour vow ; in thee it is :
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To break an oath, to win a paradise ?

IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear ;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;
To win his heart she touch'd him here and there :
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,⁵
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer :

 Then, fell she on her back, fair queen and toward :
 He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too froward !

⁵ —her FIGUR'D proffer,] We may suspect, notwithstanding the concurrence of the two ancient editions in our text, that the true reading was "*sugar'd* proffer", the long *s* having been, as in some other places, mistaken for the letter *f*. Shakespeare often uses "*sugared*" for *sweet*; and he has "*sugared words*" twice over in *Henry VI*, Pt. I, act iii, sc. 3, p. 61.

V.

If love make me forsworn,⁶ how shall I swear to love ?
 O ! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd :
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll constant prove ;
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend ;
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire :
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful
 thunder,

Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
 Celestial as thou art, O ! do not love that wrong,
 To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made
 Under an osier growing by a brook,
 A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen :
 Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.

⁶ If love make me forsworn,] This poem is read by Sir Nathaniel
 in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv, sc. 2, p. 50.

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by, .
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim ;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him :

He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood :
O Jove! quoth she, why was not I a flood ?

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty :

A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jesting

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth ;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth :
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,⁷
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Douland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense :
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As passing all conceit needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
 That Phœbus' lute (the queen of music) makes ;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign.
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,⁸
 * * * * *
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep up hill :
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
 Once (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet youth

⁷ If music and sweet poetry agree,] This poem was published in 1598, in Richard Barnfield's *Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, but he omitted it in 1605, when he reprinted his *Encomion*. Hence we may infer that it was not Barnfield's property.

⁸ Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,] The next line is wanting in both editions of *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !
See, in my thigh (quoth she), here was the sore.
 She showed hers ; he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring !
Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded,
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting !
 Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls (through wind) before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;
For why I craved nothing of thee still :
 O yes (dear friend), I pardon crave of thee ;
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI.

Venus with Adonis sitting by her,⁹
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus (quoth she), the warlike god embrac'd me ;

⁹ Venus with Adonis sitting by her,] This sonnet, with considerable variations, is the third in a collection of seventy-two sonnets, published in 1596, under the title of *Fidessa*, with the name of B. Griffin as the author : it may not belong to Shakespeare, but it is very much in his manner.

And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms ;
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms :
Even thus (quoth she) he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure ;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning, nor her pleasure.
Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I ran away !

XII.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together ;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care :
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, age is lame :
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee ;
O, my love, my love is young !
Age, I do defy thee ;
O, sweet shepherd ! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud ;
A brittle glass, that 's broken presently :
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh ;
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress ;
 So beauty blemish'd once, for ever lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah ! neither be my share :
She bade good night, that kept my rest away ;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
 Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow :
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither ;
 Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !
 My heart doth charge the watch : the morning rise
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow ;
 For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon :
 But now are minutes added to the hours ;
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;¹
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !
 Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night now borrow :
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XVI.

It was a lording's daughter,
 The fairest one of three,
 That liked of her master
 As well as well might be,

¹ —each minute seems A MOON ;] In both the old editions it stands "each minute seems *an hour*," but the rhyme shows that it must be a misprint, unless the first line were altered.

Till looking on an Englishman,
The fairest that eye could see,²
Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful,
That love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless,
Or kill the gallant knight :
To put in practice either,
Alas ! it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused ;
More mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used,
To turn them both to gain ;
For of the two the trusty knight
Was wounded with disdain :
Alas ! she could not help it.

Thus art, with arms contending,
Was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning
Did bear the maid away ;
Then lullaby ! the learned man
Hath got the lady gay ;
For now my song is ended.

² The fairest that eye could see,] Here, as in innumerable other places in Shakespeare and in poets of his time, a disyllable, *fairest*, must be pronounced in the time of a monosyllable.

XVII.

On a day (alack the day !)³
 Lovè, whose month was ever May,
 Spied a blossom, passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alas ! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet :
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

XVIII.

My flocks feed not,⁴
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss :

³ On a day (alack the day !)] This poem, in a more complete state, and with the addition of two lines only found there, may be seen in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv, sc. 3, p. 57. It is also printed in *England's Helicon* (sign. H), a miscellany of poetry first published in 1600, where "W. Shakespeare" is appended to it.

⁴ My flocks feed not,] In *England's Helicon*, 1600, this poem

Love is dying,⁵
Faith's defying,
Heart's denying,
 Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost (God wot :)
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a *nay* is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss ;
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
For now I see
Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall :
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding !
 Fraughted with gall !
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal :⁶

immediately follows "On a day (alack the day !)", but it is there entitled *The unknown Shepherd's Complaint*, and it is subscribed *Ignoto*. It is also in Weelkes' *Madrigals*, 1597.

⁵ LOVE IS DYING,] "*Love's denying*" in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

⁶ My shepherd's pipe can sound no DEAL :] "Deal" is part ; "no deal" is therefore *no part*. To "deal" cards is to *part* them.

My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
My sighs so deep,
Procure to weep,

 In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,

 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
 Forth their dye ;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sweeping,
Nymphs back peeping

 Fearfully :

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled ;
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was

 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan.
Poor Coridon

Must live alone ;

 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as partial fancy like :⁷

Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell ;
A cripple soon can find a halt :

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight ;

And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—

*Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.*

⁷ —partial fancy like :] So a MS. contemporary copy of this poem, instead of *party all might*, the old corruption.

And to her will frame all thy ways :
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear :
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,
 The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble-true :
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew.
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
 Have you not heard it said full oft,
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint :
There is no heaven ; be holy then,
When time with age shall them attain.
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,
 One woman would another wed.

But soft ! enough,—too much, I fear ;
Lest that my mistress hear my song,

She will not stick to warm my ear,⁸
To teach my tongue to be so long :
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XX.

Live with me and be my love,⁹
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And the craggy mountain yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then, live with me and be my love.

⁸ —to warm mine ear,] So a contemporary MS. for "round me on the ear" of the printed copy.

⁹ Live with me and be my love,] This poem, incomplete in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and what is called *The Nymph's Reply* still more imperfect, may be seen at length in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i, p. 200 : edit. 1765. They belong to Christopher Marlowe and to Sir Walter Raleigh.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

XXI.

As it fell upon a day¹
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Tereu, Tereu! by and by;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.

¹ As it fell upon a day] This poem is contained in R. Barnfield's *Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, 1598, but he did not reprint it as his in 1605. Therefore, probably, it was not his.

Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.²

XXII.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,³
Thou and I were both beguil'd :
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find :
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such like flattering,
Pity but he were a king.

² None alive will pity me] This final couplet is contained in *England's Helicon*, 1600, and is not found in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

³ Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,] This is placed as the last poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, edit. 1599.

If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice :
 If to women he be bent,
 They have him at commandment ;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then, farewell his great renown :
 They that fawn'd on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed
 He will help thee in thy need :
 If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
 Thus of every grief in heart,
 He with thee does bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.⁴

Let the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.

 But thou shrieking harbinger,
 Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
 Augur of the fever's end,
 To this troop come thou not near.

* The Phœnix and Turtle.] This poem is printed, as we have given it, with the name of Shakespeare at the end, in Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*, or *Rosalin's Complaint*, 1601.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king :
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence.—
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the Phoenix' sight :
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded ;

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne,
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

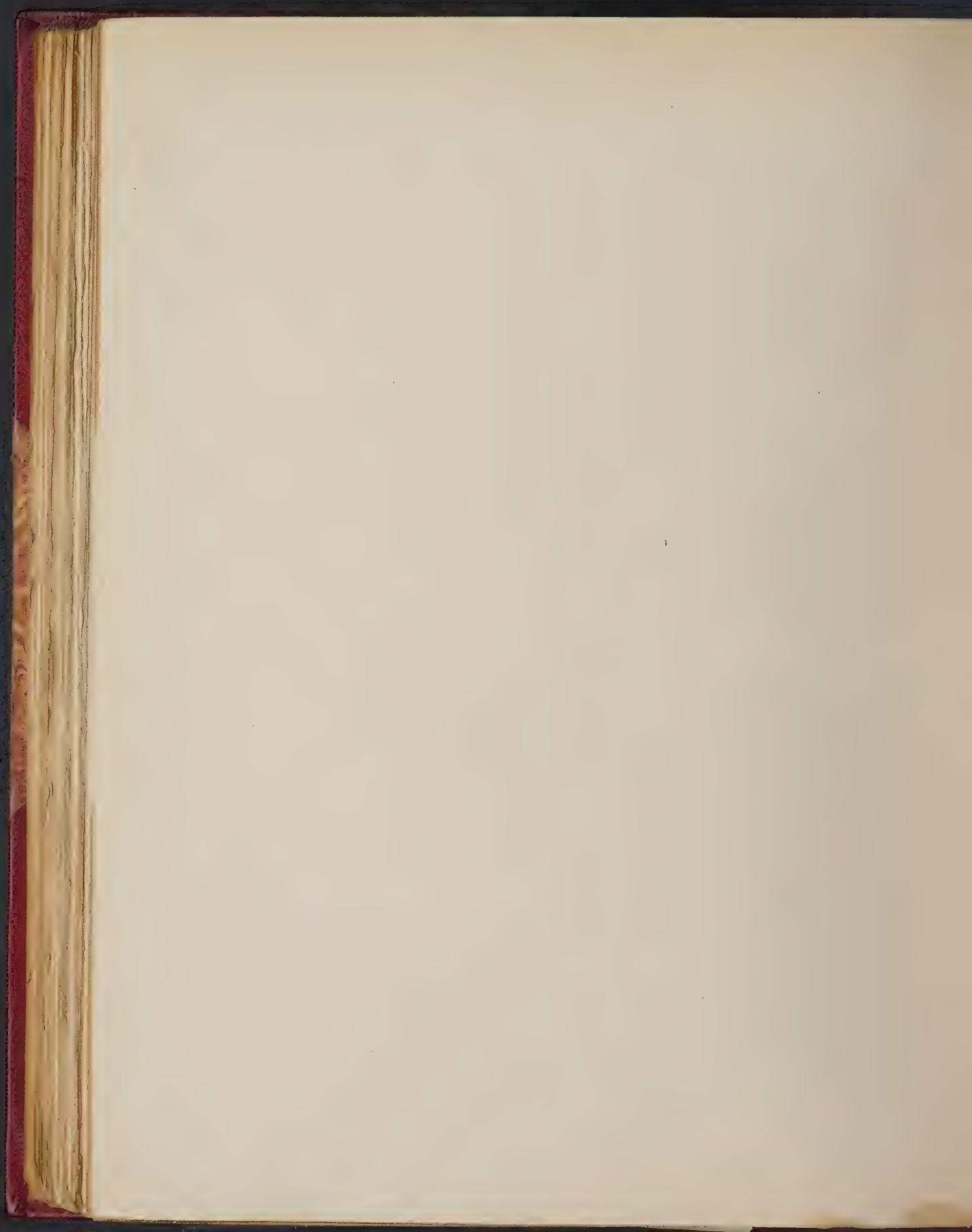
Leaving no posterity :
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

WM. SHAKE-SPEARE.

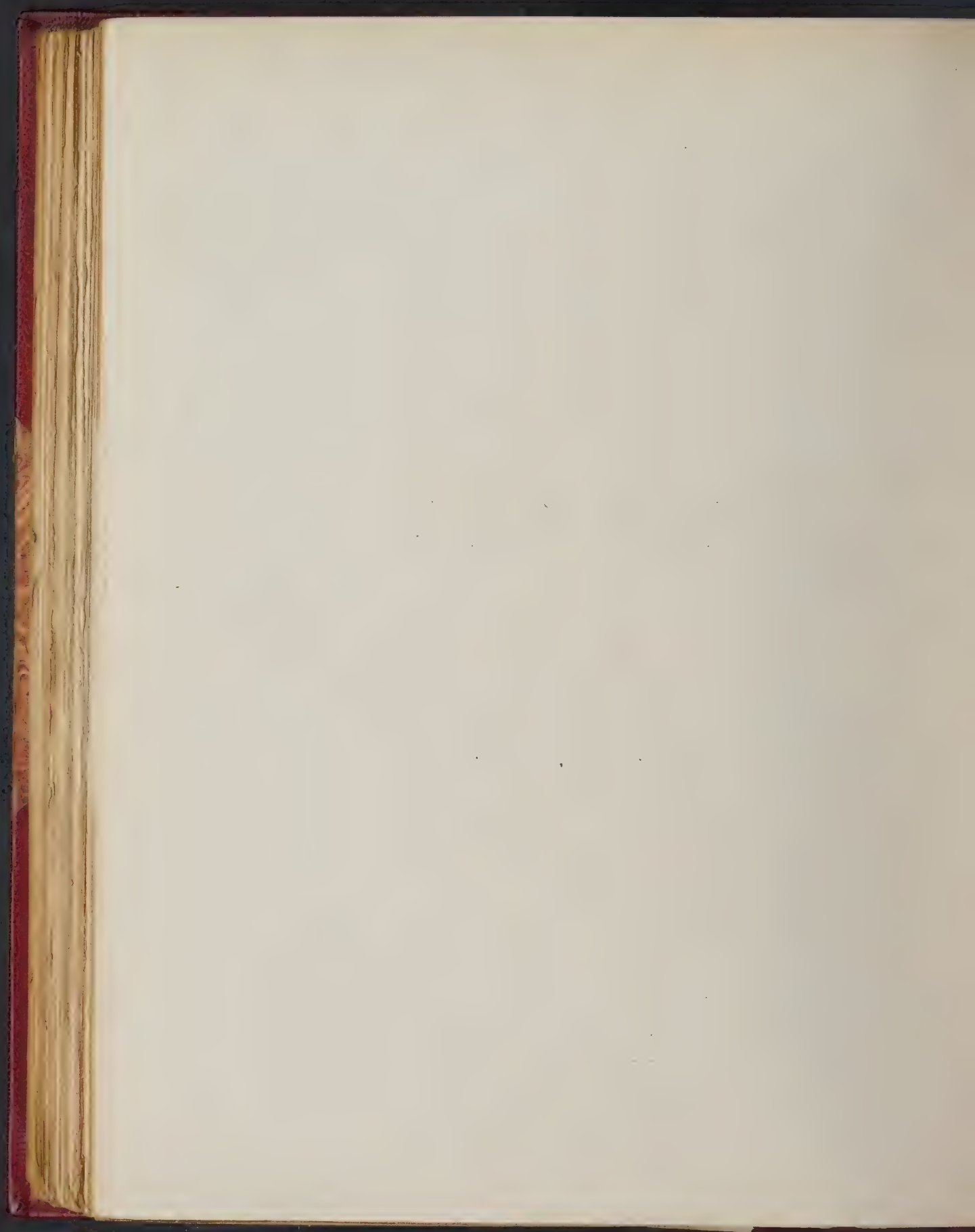
THE END.



Mucedorus.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

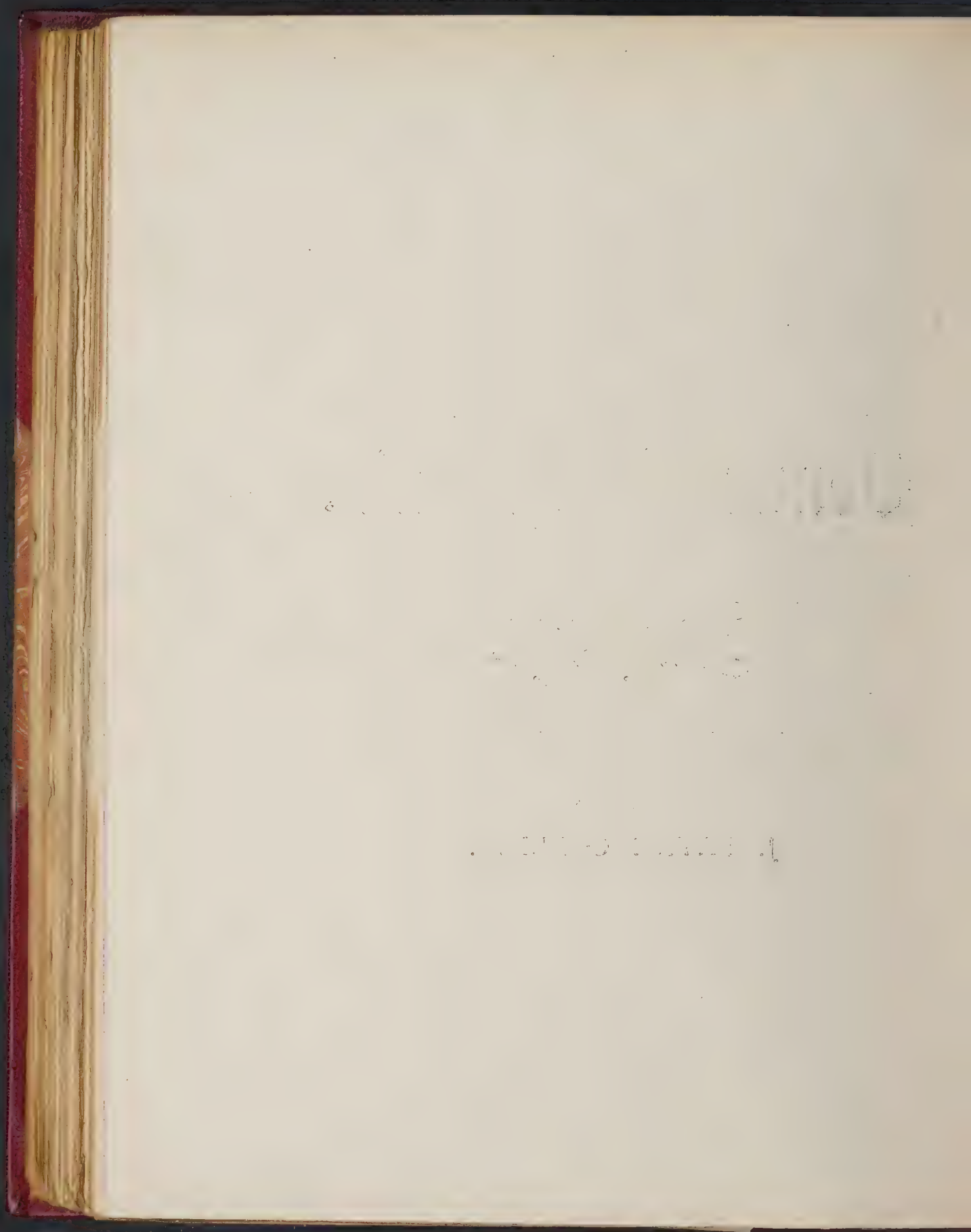


Venus & Adonis.

Lucrèce.

CHATELAIN.

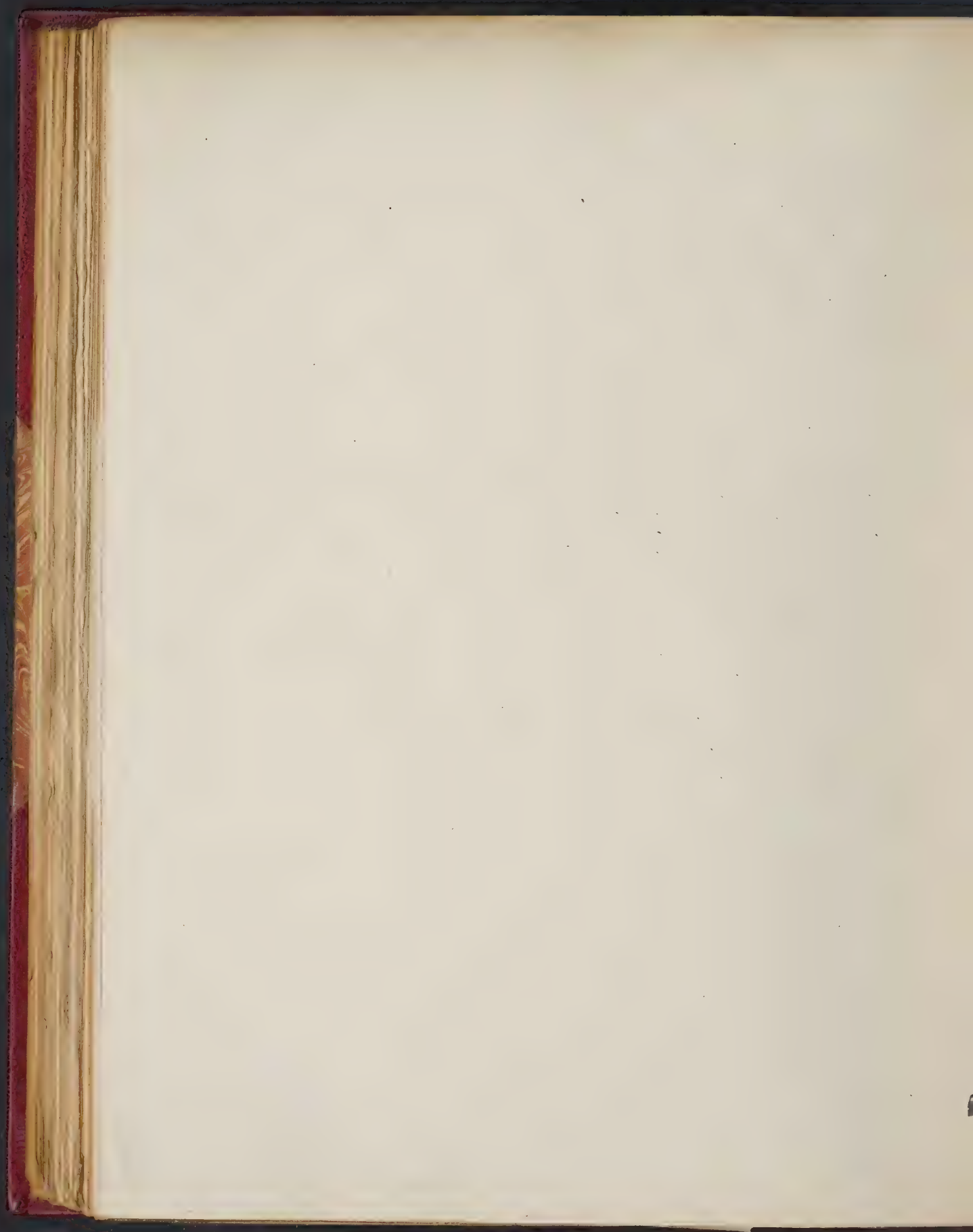
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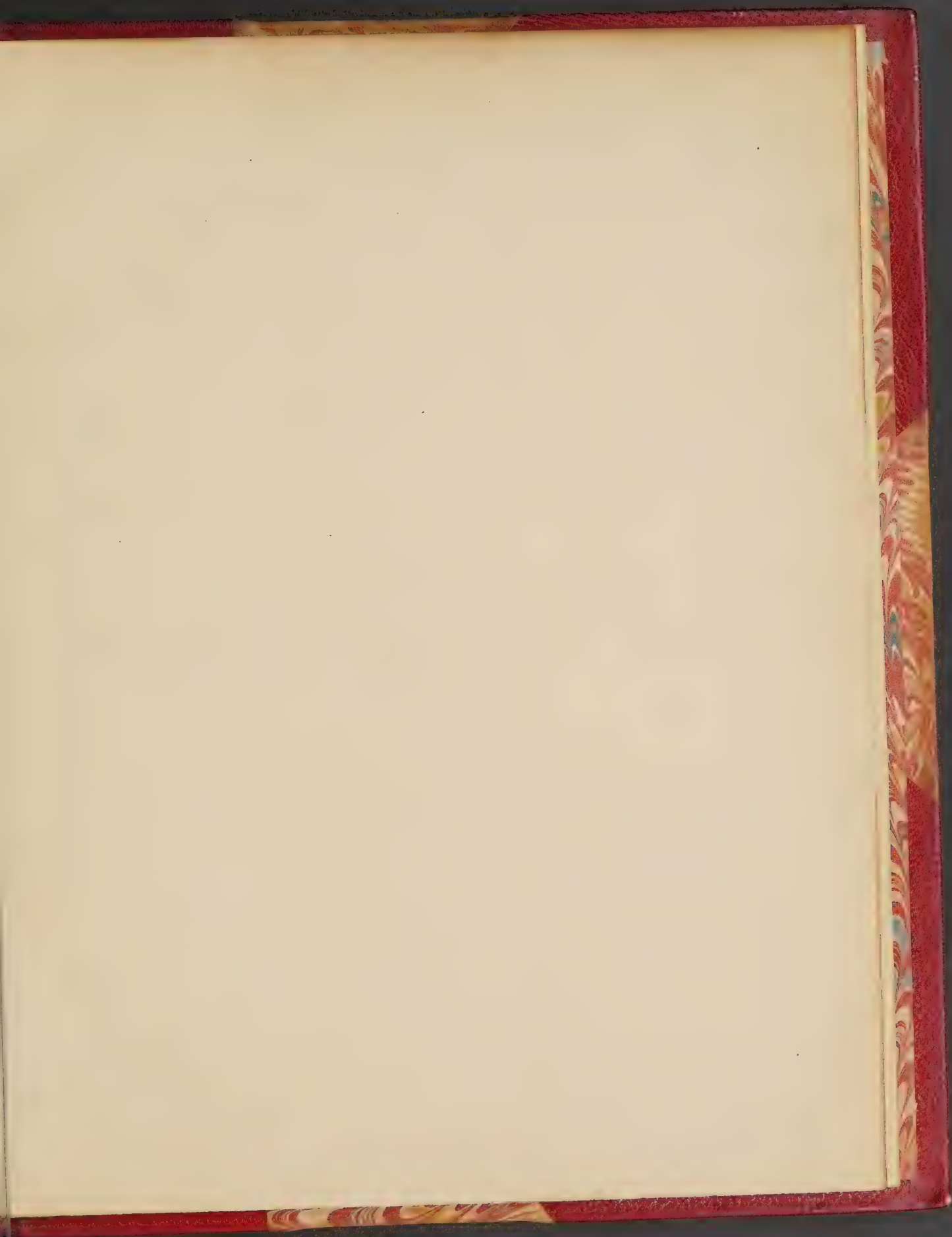


Sonnets.

Miscellaneous Poems.

BY
J. PAVAN COLLOC.





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